40063
45

The
FORUM
For August, 1919

HENRY FORD AT BAY

The Extraordinary Trial at Mt. Clemens

ANARCHIST OR SEER?

[FROM THE FORUM'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

Sixteen years ago Henry Ford was a mechanic in overalls. Fame and fortune gave him the opportunity of carrying out his ideals, and his ideas and opinions he sought to express through paid writers. A great newspaper challenged the patriotism of expressions that appeared over his name. He was branded as an anarchist. Mr. Ford has voluntarily thrown himself into a legal battle to justify his position toward War and Militarism, in defense of his ideals, though expressed in language not his own. His object of suit has been to make the public think. This he has accomplished. The trial at Mt. Clemens has concerned itself with national and international questions. In view of its importance and the issues brought forth, THE FORUM, in its policy of presenting revealing articles of public import, presents a reportorial and analytical story of the man, and the issues developed in the testimony.

MT. CLEMENS, MICH., July 20th.

THIRTY-NINE years ago Macomb County built a court-house of red brick faced with gray stone on the public square of this diminutive city that grew up around baths of black sulphurous water. A drowsy place,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there came here townsfolk and farmers, seeking justice, each bearing trouble that was great in his own sight and trivial in the sight of the world. And then, one day last May the forces of the world hammered at the doors of the little court-house and they swung back to admit a man whose name is known in every civilized land—Henry Ford.

I have just left a high-ceilinged court-room, an unimpressive place of white walls, hung with severe gilt-framed canvases from which venerable justices gaze down, in self-conscious reproof of a gallery of "summer boarders" who, whispering and smiling, await some new sensation of this trial that they regard as a "free show." Within his bench, an old-fashioned country judge, weighted with the interminable wrangling of the attorneys, stalks up and down. He is dressed like anyone else, coat open and wearing a wash summer tie. He is without any of the theatrical trappings affected by Justice, yet, as he peers from beneath shaggy brows, one feels the sincerity of his dignity vastly more. He looks upon the twelve good men and true, Michigan farmers, plain men of sunbeaten faces and horny hands, obviously wearing their best clothes. From a youth in his twenties to a white-whiskered octogenarian, they are all souls of the soil, the very stock from which Henry Ford springs; unerudite men, they are called upon to weigh nice distinctions in polemics, to split philosophic hairs with a million dollars for libel in the balance.

Again that slight, bald insistent lawyer with the apple cheeks, who is Ford's attorney, has popped out of his seat, crying, "I object to that question, your Honor." Now the tall tolerant, well poised man who looks like an Episcopalian vestryman, but who is the attorney for The Chicago Tribune, is monotonously relating historical facts concerning Benedict Arnold. While many of the twelve men, good and true, one yawning, one sitting with his mouth agape, others in staid attention as the attorney for the defense cross-questions the witness, perhaps the second richest man in America, who sits in the box, they are thinking doubtless of Macomb County's green and blond fields where they would rather be.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The history recitation comes to an end. "Now, Mr. Ford, will you tell us—?" The witness replies; his voice is very low. Spectators crane their necks, "What did he say?" Behind an arc of writing-shelf, erected for the occasion, a score of newspaper correspondents stir into activity, "Did you get that, Bill?" Pencils race over sheaves of "copy paper;" freckled boys snatch up the scrawled pages and dart away to the telegraph office. It seems that hour by hour the country must know the things said by Henry Ford. But back by the window, where the streaming sunshine polishes the gold of her hair, a girl is knitting and a youth reaches out and touches her hand, nor do they know, those two, or care, what Henry Ford says. Sitting near them the commodious wife of a clothing dealer is agitating the air with her palm leaf fan. She clutches the arm of her first-born, who is an obviously reluctant visitor. "Listen, Annie, did you hear what he said, Annie? Pay attention."

In the front row a "rich lady" from one of the "swell" hotels quite languidly raises her lorgnette to survey this man on whom the eyes of the court, aye the country, are so intent. To her daughter, a Detroit débutante, she says, "He is impossible!" . . . "Freddie says he is a Bolshevist, mother." There is a stir among the spectators. Two boys are worming their way out, "Let's beat it, Jim." Outraged to his soul, the bailiff, with flowing white hair and the moustaches of an old-fashioned cavalry man, descends upon them, "Silence!" The soda clerk, who has slipped over from the drug-store, whispers something to a waitress. She giggles. The attorney's voice drones on and rises to another interrogation. All wait for the gentle-spoken man on the witness-stand to reply.

ENJOYS HIS TILT WITH DEFENDANT'S COUNSEL

HE is sitting in a chair that is tilted back against the wall. His thin knee is clasped in his long hands; good-natured patience dwells upon his face. Henry Ford looks his fifty-six years. Clean-skinned and tanned, grayish hair flowing back from his high retreating brow, prominently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

featured with the long arched nose and straight mouth, the blue of his deep-set eyes grayish with the dream lights of a visionist, this extraordinary complexity of American life winces not at all under the shafts of the defense. Rather when a question is asked him he rubs his hands across his long jaw, a rural gesture; he speculatively moistens his lips, lowering his eyes when he wants to think, bending forward when something interests him. Henry Ford, sitting in court with crossed legs, suggests the country store philosopher. Entirely at his ease, he seems to enjoy every minute of his tilt with the urbane, persistent counsel for the defense.

He has charged one of America's most powerful newspapers with libel. To quote the charge of his attorney, The Chicago Tribune "actuated by financial interests, attempted to bring about a war with Mexico and when plaintiff pleaded for peace, denounced him as an anarchist." He has demanded a million dollars in damages for an editorial written by Clifford S. Raymond, who said in court, "We wrote the editorial deliberately to characterize him as an anarchist." And this in part is what was written; this is what has caused the most sensational libel case in the records of American courts:

"FORD IS AN ANARCHIST

". . . he will reveal himself not as merely an ignorant idealist, but as an anarchistic enemy of the Nation which protects him in his wealth. A man so ignorant as Henry Ford may not understand the fundamentals of the government under which he lives. . . . He takes the men who stand between him and service and punishes them for the service which protects him. The man is so incapable of thought that he cannot see the ignominy of his own performance. The proper place for so deluded a human being is a region where no government exists . . ."

THE FORD PHILOSOPHY UNDER FIRE

BUT, as one sits in the court-room and listens to the testimony, as one considers the far-reaching ramifications that the trial is taking, one gets the idea that its import is something more than the vindication of plaintiff or defendant. It seems to be that the Ford philosophy has been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brought to the bar. It seems to be a public test of two schools of thought—ways of thought that are going to mould the world of tomorrow one way or another way utterly different. As one hears the readiness with which Ford talks, one senses that he is eager that every principle for which he has ever stood should now be probed and the findings sent broadcast throughout the Nation. American public men and editors must be carefully watching this trial, for into it are creeping legal precedents that may serve as guideposts to libel for years to come. But more than this, the trial seems to be a foreshadowing of the future. Plain Americans in the jury box, the backbone of the country, are listening to the views of Henry Ford. If they judge him wronged, it would appear that he went to battle against contemporary, conservative thought and won. It would suggest that the future may be built upon the economic and international ideas so dear to his heart. The old order changeth—who can tell? Is Ford an anarchist or is he a seer?

So far the trial has run two months. Seventeen attorneys are sitting around the rival counsel tables. Cowboys, all booted and spurred, their bronze faces looking out from beneath broad-brimmed hats, have come up from the Texas border, swaggered on to the witness-stand, given the spectators a little Mexican thrill, stirred the hearts of local damsels and returned to their ranges. Sam Browne-belted officers, hobnailed doughboys from the A. E. F., a correspondent who somehow managed to get wounded, soldiers' wives—have all turned their steps to the little red brick court-house so that they might contribute to show if a great manufacturer was libeled when a great newspaper called him an anarchist. Because in its defense, the newspaper's attorneys reopened the entire subjects of pacifism, preparedness, national and international affairs, vast forces and powerful influences have been involved on the witness-stand. Mexican, German and Japanese intrigues have all been aired in this little court-room. The ramifications of the trial have led back into almost every sphere of American life.

To determine whether the newspaper is justified in call-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing Henry Ford an anarchist, his very soul is being laid bare. As the incisive counsel for the defense said, "We intend to show that Henry Ford was just the kind of man we characterized him." Ford showed a similar intention to ask and to give no quarter. Into this legal struggle, he threw all the energy and spirit and resources at his command. "This is as good a place to work as any," he remarked early in May when the trial opened. It was his way of saying, "We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Over in a hotel where ailing guests had talked only of the last bath and the next meal, a new interest came into life. Upstairs men began to move furniture out of whole suites of rooms—"Ford is coming!" In a business building down the street, they began to clean out a whole floor. "Mr. Ford is taking it," the local real-estate man explained. Motor-trucks filled with new office furniture rumbled over from Detroit. Desks, typewriters, chairs, filing cabinets, council tables, huge packages of papers and documents were unloaded, while the guests of the town on their way to the sulphur baths stopped and stared. There came linemen—a tawny haired youth who a year ago with his Buddies was stringing a field phone up from the Marne—to install now special telephone and telegraph lines. "Hurry this job, Bo. It's for Hen Ford." And soon over the wires went humming orders directing the vast affairs of a three-hundred-million-dollar business, from a little hotel room here into the great factories of Detroit. Fast motors began to snort in and out of town and to the city some twenty miles away. Came a company of "personal representatives," secretaries, stenographers and clerks.

In a little more than a day the executive offices of a great industrial concern had been carried away as if on a magic carpet and set down in this tiny City of the Baths, where life had ever pleasantly drowsed. Today in a little hotel suite of two rooms crowded with office furniture, new Ford tractor factories are being planned for Europe. Decisions are being made about plants for Spain, Denmark and Ireland. While children romp through the hotel corridors with-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out, the affairs of three great American factories, a shipyard, various banks which exist principally to handle them, a realty company, a construction company, even a weekly magazine, are being administered. But until one o'clock, when the court hearings cease, Henry Ford thinks only of *trial*. Then a light luncheon and, through afternoon and evening, Ford thinks Ford *ideas*—those rare blendings of business and the humanities.

IS FORD A NOTORIETY SEEKER?

WHAT is Ford's purpose? Is it to advertise? Is it to please personal vanity? Has he subjected himself to the ordeal of the witness-stand; has he upheaved the executive forces of his great interests, bringing them here; is he giving half of every day to a court-room merely for material publicity? Or does he righteously seek to discredit the "handle," as he expressed it, that a newspaper has put upon his name? In the doing does he believe great good will be done? Is Ford sincere?

The other day I asked him why he was taking such tremendous interest in this libel suit to the extent of great inroads upon his time and enduring the nausea of cross-examination.

"Education," he told me. "The trial is making people think."

It would seem that in the court Ford has a chance to air the humanitarian and economic views that he believes to be the embodiment of justice to mankind. To what extent the trial is making people think is perfectly obvious after a visit to the Mt. Clemens News Bureau. You never heard of it? It occupies a floor of a building on the business block of the city. From the great dailies of New York and Detroit, skilled newspaper men were hired, and here, in a suite of offices that came into being overnight, they sit and prepare for the press "Ford ideas" as the trial brings them out. Not a day but that a 1500-word "story" of the trial is raced into type printed on bulletin form, even "plated" and sent broadcast to the American newspapers. Not a day but that a 500-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

word summary of what has been said in court is telegraphed to papers by the hundreds. On the wall of the bureau hangs a map of the United States; like a war map, it bristles with colored pins. Blue pins show those sections of the country where the newspapers are favorable to Ford; yellow pins indicate hostility. There are enough blue pins in the map to make everybody around the Mt. Clemens News Bureau feel pleased. Fifteen thousand weekly papers and twenty-five hundred dailies are given "copy." The story the colored pins tell is that an enormous number of people in the United States are having explained to them the views of Henry Ford in a sympathetic way. It is the biggest publicity stunt for ideas that the world has ever seen. One comes to understand Ford's cryptic remark that the trial is "education."

The other afternoon after a morning in court when the defense had sought to brand Ford as an "ignorant idealist," I talked with him. In the quiet of his hotel room he sat in his habitual pose, chair tilted back against the wall, hands clasping his knee, a singularly silent man until he feels one understands him.

IS INTERESTED IN REINCARNATION

PRESENTLY a bolt out of the commonplace, he said something that made one regard him with a new comprehension. Up till then I had felt as one sometimes does when talking with thinkers for the first time—that feeling of vague recognition of fundamental thoughts behind apparently meaningless words. Of a sudden, Ford remarked, "I am interested in reincarnation." It was as if one were going through a black night and felt that certain definite objects were out there in the darkness and then a lightning-flash revealed them. So it was that Ford's remark made him startlingly clear. Then, in that way his mind has of leaping over obvious gaps in the train of thought, he continued, "My father was not a mechanic, nor was my grandfather. When a boy of 16 years of age, without previous mechanical training I was able to take a watch apart and put it together." One divined Ford's trend of thought behind his statement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

" Have you ever read Jack London's book, ' The Star Rover,' that story of reincarnation?" Ford said he had and he spoke enthusiastically of the studies a Polish writer had made of reincarnation; he had discussed them with the Pole only yesterday.

Now that story of London's in its significance to Ford. You recall it?—The man whose soul now and then escaped his body and went roving back among the stars into dim time; how the man recognized himself as having been in one century one kind of a man and in another century a different man. And as one studied Ford's face—a strange combination of materialist and idealist—considered his fine arching brow, his visionary blue eyes, his broadly bridged nose and mouth; when one thought of the mechanical skill of his long hands and the mechanical dreams of his mind, it was not difficult to discern in him a composite of others who had gone before him.

"Some of my ancestors," Ford was saying, "were Holland Dutch."

One saw old Amsterdam, a narrow, crooked street, a quaint little shop, a Dutch burgher bent over a work-bench where were strewn the crude little bits of machinery of his day.

"I have Irish blood, too," Ford was saying.

And one saw a monastery of those early Celtic ascetics, a man with bare sandalled feet and lean shaven face, soiled monkish robes hanging from his slender emaciated frame. The monkish robes fell away; one was looking at Ford in his suit of serge; but the man's frame, his features, his expression in that moment, they belonged to some other century. And one wondered.

Then the materialist, that is Ford, spoke and said, "I hate waste. Every man should be producing something. I believe in the holy gospel of 'Get Down To Work.' "

But in a moment the idealist, that is Ford, spoke and said, "There is good in every man. There is good even in the most hardened convict. I believe in all men."

A dreamer? Perhaps Ford would be were it not for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that materialistic heritage which came—from where? Indeed, as one studies Ford's eyes, it is difficult not to regard him as a visionary. But then one thinks of those huge factories of his which are very real and of that great shipyard which is also very real. It was told to me that Ford often puts on overalls and as early as 5 in the morning may be found experimenting with machinery in his private shop; that in the vast crashing machining room of his industry, he likes to go after supper, often mingling with the night shift until the small hours of the next day, tinkering with the machines and talking with the men.

But perhaps it is in his fondness for human relations with the men who work for him that the dreaminess of Ford is shown. One remembers that he follows impulses, "hunches," those creations of the subconscious. If something tells him to cross the factory and talk to a man at a bench in a remote part of the room, he does it. As I talked with him, he gave the impression that he thinks aloud, one was astonished at the thoughts he permitted to escape from the hidden sources of his mind. Another man would not say everything he thought. Ford does. Perhaps that is why he has been so often misquoted and misunderstood. Because of his fondness for using cryptic sentences, even talking in parables, one who does not understand his mental processes is apt to consider him bewildering, even incoherent. So modest as to be almost diffident, he patiently waits while one asks the most pointed and personal questions and then looking up he replies quickly.

WANTS LEAGUE OF NATIONS OR NEW WAR

HE was told that aspersions had been cast upon his Americanism and he was asked what he considered today to be the paramount duty of every American.

"Support the League of Nations," Ford quickly replied. "If it fails we should prepare up to the hilt and have a great war against militarism throughout the world. Wipe it out for all time. Smash every army. Sink every navy. Then get down to some real honest work. War will stop when the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people of one nation understand the people of another. The 99 per cent don't want war, only the 1 per cent. The people who make all the trouble are the bankers and the militarists, those who want power so badly that they are stupid enough to try and seize it. There is too much selfish national spirit. A Frenchman is too French. A German is too German. I look at you, I look at Mr. —— over there. You've got one kind of blood; he's got another; I have another. We don't go round hating each other, do we? Why? Because we understand each other. Look at the United States. Look at all the nationalities represented in it; all the people of different nations who live here without going to war with each other. Put them down in Europe, each group by itself, separate the Italians, the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Hungarians, separate all of them. Close them in with frontier posts, shut them off from each other—that's what makes war. When the people of one nation get to understand the people of another, the 1 per cent won't be able to get them to fight any more. This understanding can be brought about. We see it in our factories almost every day. We have forty nationalities working there. A few years ago, when Austria and Russia were fighting, a Russian and an Austrian, both workmen of ours over in the shop, were spoken to by Dr. Marquis—he's our educational adviser:

"'You know' Dr. Marquis said, 'that Austria and Russia are at war, that their citizens hate each other and kill each other. Don't you men feel any grudge toward each other?' " And the Russian and the Austrian looked at each other and smiled.

" 'No, sir,' they replied, 'we are in America and here we are brothers.' "

The recollection made Ford's eyes shine. "Isn't that worth while?" he asked. "Isn't it better to try and bring love into the world than hate? Now this understanding between the peoples can be brought about. Let us send lecturers to the different countries to tell them about America. Let them send lecturers to us to tell us about the different peoples of Europe. I don't mean just a few lecturers with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tickets at fancy prices so that only people with money can hear them. Moving pictures can help. Newspapers and magazines should exchange articles with the periodicals of other countries. These articles should reveal the people of one country to the people of another. Everybody should be prosperous—prosperous enough so that they can afford to travel and get to know the people of other countries. I am going to try and make just as many people prosperous as I can. I will give my life to it."

And one thought how from the little hotel room there went out the other day the messages that closed one of the largest financial transactions of industry today. Between deliberations over the trial, Ford's son, Edsel, the twenty-five-year-old president of the company, floated a deal involving many millions, buying out the minority stockholders. And as one heard Ford say that he was going to give his life to make people prosperous, one thought that now, because of this deal, he was free to execute in his factories any new schemes of his for making his workmen more prosperous, that he was free to try out any of his new economic ideas. I remembered an associate of his telling me that, the night the deal was closed, Ford said, "We know of no better way to prevent war than to extend industry. We plan to continue building plants in all parts of the world and to continue sharing our profits there with foreign workers just as we do in America."

I told Ford that some of the things he was quoted in the newspapers as having said had put him in a strange position before the American public. "Now that incident about the American flag?" I asked.

Ford laughed. "Why a few years ago, Henry Wise Wood came out to the factory. I knew he wasn't a free man. He was thinking and talking the way somebody told him to. He trapped me into saying things, put words into my mouth. I didn't say I'd take the American flag down and never put it up again. Why, I don't know how many flags we've got over the factory. Two of them over the door anyway. It was suggested that some day there would be a Flag of all Nations

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and I said, 'Yes' that it would be a good thing. And so it would. It would mean brotherhood. That's the idea."

"PERSHING DID A GOOD JOB"

I ASKED him if he had ever said that the word "murderer" should be embroidered on every soldier's shirt. Ford told me that a man had interviewed him a few years ago and had told him that Jane Addams had made that remark. "So they all said I said it," added Ford. "I do say it, but not that way. Any professional soldier is a murderer. Not men who are pressed into war, who have to go because they can't help it." Only that morning that point had come up in court. The attorney for the defense had asked Ford, "Then men like General Pershing are murderers, is that the idea?" And braving criticism, true to his own thought, Ford had replied, "Well—I think that General Pershing will say that he has committed many a murder." But he went on to add, "Pershing did a good job. He ended the war."

I asked him about the "Peace Ship," and he told me a story quite at odds with the popular conception of that expedition four years ago. Ford said that Mme. Schwimmer came to him in 1915 with letters of introduction, that Jane Addams, whom he had always greatly admired and respected, was interested in an idea to induce neutral governments to act as mediaries and end the war. Ford said that he did not believe they would be successful in bringing about Peace, that getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas was merely enthusiasm. He did, though, hope that such an expedition might result in getting people to think about Peace and possibly bring the end of the war a little nearer. He said, "If I could have shortened the war by one day, saved the lives that were being lost in a day, I felt that it was worth a million dollars, worth every dollar I possessed which I would have given to shorten that terrible war by twenty-four hours."

Ford has the idea he is persecuted. He told me, "The day I decided that $5.00 was the least daily wage that a man with a family could live on and paid my workers accordingly, that day they began to get after me. There is a good part, not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all, of the American press that is not free. It is owned, body and soul, by bankers. When they tell it to bark, it barks. The capitalistic newspapers began a campaign against me. They misquoted me, distorted what I said, made up lies. They did it because their owners feared that my minimum wage of $5.00 a day would force other industrial plants to pay their men as well. That would be money out of their greedy pockets. The invisible government got at its work. Rich men—I think a rich man is the worst thing on this earth—that is, the rich man who doesn't have his money out in productive industry. I don't want any more than my share of money. I'm going to get rid of it—to use it all to build more and more factories, to give as many people as I can a chance to be prosperous. Don't forget that the 99 per cent of the people are waking up, they're getting wise to a lot of things. Everybody should have work—good work that will make them prosperous. Sooner or later everything will be done mechanically. The three great enterprises of the world will be accomplished entirely by mechanical means. Transportation is practically mechanical today; manufacturing is almost so, farming will soon be. The tractor, that's what is going to solve the farming problem. I am looking upon the tractor for my future work. I want to make one so cheap that every little farmer can afford to own one. The tractor will make farming easy. Mechanically run, a farm shouldn't take more than twenty days a year actual work. Take five days for plowing, five for seeding, and ten for harvesting. A man who only works with his brain is lazy. Every man should do some work with his hands. I want to see mixed work. In the winter months a man should work in industry and in the summer months on a farm. I look forward to the day when all the farmers will take down their fences, pool their land, work it together and take the profits from it in proportion to the number of acres they put in. I want to see the farms like factories, with all sharing the profits." And I recalled that in Ford's youth he worked that way, "mixing the arts," as he says; in the winter he worked in the factory and in the summer on the farm.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT POWER GOING TO WASTE

"WE waste so much," Ford went on. "Look at the water-power we're not using. When I was out motoring with Edison, I saw great power going to waste. It was near Troy, New York. There is a big dam there. I made up my mind that was the place to build a factory, so I bought up the land on the west side where the dam abuts. The Government owns the dam, and I want to lease the water-power they are wasting there. There's a bill now so they can lease it. If they don't I'll wait until they do. What's the sense of having all that power go to waste when it could be earning money for thousands of people. There is energy in every little brook and stream and we do nothing with it. Edison promised me that he'd work out a machine so that the water-power of brooks could be used by farmers at a very cheap price. That will come. Mechanical things should relieve flesh and blood in every possible way. Drudgery is useless work that has to be done over and over. It is not only at the expense of the body, but of the spirit. Drudgery is to blame for the depopulation of the farm. Power farming will eliminate drudgery and people will go back to the farm. The modern city is a mistake. It is overdone. It does not produce the best or the most necessary things. It takes people away from the land. I want to see the day when the country will assume the ascendancy over the city in the affairs of men. Lord Northcliffe agreed with me that this would be a good thing."

FORD'S CONFIDENCE IN HUMAN NATURE

IT was obvious from talking with Ford that he is entirely sincere in his belief that there is good in every man.

"Why all men have some good in them," he said. "Give a man a chance and it will come out. I have ex-convicts in my factory and they do their work fine. When the police come hounding them and tell us about their records, they seem surprised when we don't fire them. Did you ever take a cross-section of life? You can learn a lot from cross-sections. We took a cross-section of Detroit. We investigated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a belt that ran straight across the city. We found out what percentage of blind, of crippled, of diseased, what percentage of various nationalities were represented in this belt. Then, hiring men for the factory we hired the exact per cent of different conditions and nationalities that our cross-section of the city disclosed. Blind men and all, they are working today in our factories. We feel it to be our duty to bear our share of the burden of the community and to give every man a chance. I never discharge a man."

One senses, talking with Henry Ford, that he likes people to disagree with him. He is not one of those intolerants who will not respect honest difference of opinion. He knows when a man politely agrees with him and he scorns a toady. He will argue passionately these days on the subject of the League of Nations. For him to do so is quite logical; he sincerely believes that the League is the first step toward his goal of international brotherhood. But he declares there will be war without a League of Nations.

"I do not believe," he said, "that we have a sincere friend in the entire world. Much of the friendship that is professed for us today is not of the heart. It is a friendship of convenience, something born of the moods of the moment. I do not mean that the people of other nations are hypocrites, the Frenchmen, the Englishmen, the Italians. I mean the rulers and the bankers and the militarists, the 1 per cent that cause all wars and, when they come, remain miles behind the zone of fire."

(*Continued on page 229*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THERE AND BACK WITH AN 'ISM

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

"ALL men," declaimed Smithkins, "are created equal!"

Doc. Cobleigh yawned audibly. Atkins, the lawyer, tipped me a solemn wink, and murmured, "He's an original cuss," whereupon I chuckled. Smithkins heard the chuckle and glared at me.

"Aside from the few inferior types, such as you, who make the exception that proves the rule," he added, pointing directly at me.

"I wouldn't say that," mildly protested Doc. Cobleigh, "you see I examined him the other day, and I know he's as normal as the rest of us."

"That's an awful thing to say, Cobleigh," I demurred. Smithkins paid no heed to my remark. I doubt if he even got the little green line of sarcasm in it.

"Of course you'd say that, you got paid for examining him," insisted Smithkins.

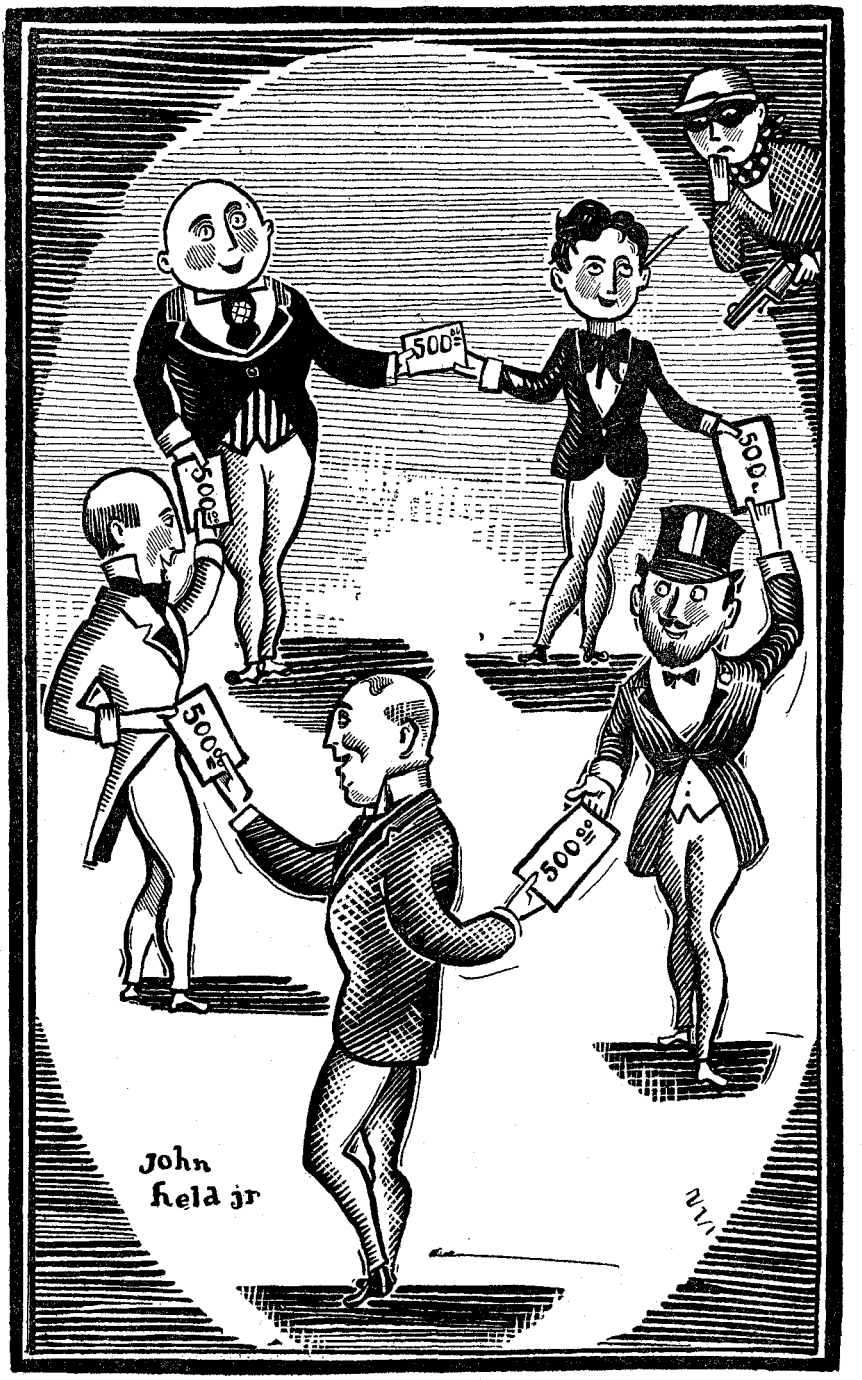
"I—er—hope to," murmured Doc. Cobleigh. Stifling a groan and glaring hard at Smithkins, I wrote a check for the doctor.

It was somewhere around 2 a. m. Our respective wives were in the country. We were over at the Golf Club, due to the fact that our man, Welles, had won the golf championship and incidentally the $500 Victory-bond prize. One would think that such an event could in no manner call forth from Smithkins, or any other member of our club, that ancient untruth to the effect that all men are created equal. But then, if you knew Smithkins, you would not marvel at anything he did.

Only recently he had turned what we termed "Parlor Socialist." This didn't startle us in the least, for Smithkins

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUZZLE PICTURE



Find the Socialist!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a dear old nut who cannot get along without some new fad or hobby any more than a fish can get along without fins. Not long ago he went in for Cubist art. He didn't know that it "went out" along with hobble skirts and men's sport shirts. Before that he tried "New Thought," or "Free Thought," or "Automatic Thought," or whatever it was. We never pay much attention to his fads here at the club.

But recently he had been making himself rather of a nuisance at the club. First, he thought that since the club was on a sound paying basis, with far more income than outgo, we should divide equally the few thousands surplus in the treasury. He had a habit of coming in and littering up the reading-room with booklets, pamphlets, leaflets and what not, all on the subject of Socialism, with a capital "S." He even dropped a few, surreptitiously, on the links.

Our guests from the rival club, who had settled the dinner bill, had departed. We, together with David Welles, constituted the House Committee and we remained for a bit of a chat with perhaps a nip of something or other some of us had left over in our lockers.

Dave Welles had been presented with the $500 bond, and a neat speech. He returned the neat speech, but carefully folded the bond and tucked it into his bill-fold which was as fat with yellow-backs as an October pumpkin. Then he went out to the drive to speed the cars bearing away our departing guests. It was while he was outside doing this, that Smithkins, for no apparent reason in the wide world, assured us that all men were created equal.

"THEM AS HAS, GITS"

"BET you a dozen dollar balls Tom Jefferson would not have written that, with the Eighteenth Amendment attached," I challenged Smithkins.

"You are talking words, as usual," scoffed Smithkins.

"Words are better than hot air," said Atkins.

"I must admit that you are a judge of both," Smithkins came back promptly. Sometimes he says rather clever things, but quite unintentionally.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why this outburst?" queried Doc. Cobleigh.

"Who says I am outbursting?" demanded Smithkins.

"What has a small, oft-quoted and questionable statement from—"

"Because Dave Welles won the five hundred," interrupted Smithkins, with far more force than usual. We all sat up and looked at him.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm not envious," Smithkins hastened to explain, "but it rather irritated me. It is another of the millions of instances where, to quote a homely but truthful old phrase, 'them as has, gits.' "

"But Dave didn't have the championship," said Atkins.

"I mean the money. Five hundred dollars is no more to Welles than a jitney is to us. He's worth millions, yet he has to cop off the coin and tuck that bond away in a wallet so full of money that he had to jam it in with force."

"But he won it—"

Again Smithkins glared at me.

"He has enough money now. Why should he win more? What right has he to go about loaded down with riches while the rest of us here are trying to raise the rent? That's what I mean when I state that all men are created equal—"

"Simmons wasn't equal to Welles on the links, that's why Dave won the championship—"

"I don't mean golf, I mean everything, life, happiness, I mean that the world is all wrong. There should be a division of the world's wealth. It positively made me sick to see Welles haul out that fat purse of his and add the extra five hundred—"

"Suppose I divide it?"

The deep, jolly voice of David Welles boomed from the doorway. We all wheeled about and looked at him. Just how much of the conversation he had heard we did not know. Dave advanced, smiling, and sat down at the table, among us. He looked keenly at Smithkins.

"Wouldn't have you sick for the world, Smithkins," he said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I wasn't slamming you in particular," stammered Smithkins, "I was merely using you as an example."

"Quite so," chuckled Welles, "and I made you sick, eh?"

"No, no—not you, but—er—" Poor Smithkins flushed and stammered again. Welles continued to smile.

"It was the idea of my winning five-hundred dollars when I already had five hundred, eh? Like the chorus girl who wouldn't give her chum a book for Christmas because she already had a book."

$500 WORTH OF PARLOR SOCIALISM

SMITHKINS rallied. There is one thing that should be said for him, he is always sincere.

"You have five-hundred-thousand times five hundred. It was the idea of how things work out so unjustly, the more a man has the more he gets, and the easier it is for him to get it. That's what made me sick," declared Smithkins.

"Give him a shot of hop, Doc," I suggested to Cobleigh.

"No, I'll cure our friend Smithkins here without the aid of drugs," said Welles, still smiling. He turned to Smithkins.

"You are a sort of Parlor Socialist, aren't you?"

"I don't care what you call me," growled Smithkins, now on the defensive.

"You believe in socialism. You have been dropping booklets here and there, a little propaganda work, eh? That's all right, Smithkins. You've a right to your beliefs. Socialism is all right, too, just the same as many other things, if you don't go too far. Now there's only one way to cure you," Welles paused and looked at us. "Five of us here, eh? Very well—"

Welles produced his fat bill-book, opened it and drew forth some bills. In front of each of us he placed a hundred-dollar bill, and he laid one before himself on the table.

"There, Smithkins, is that the cure?"

"In a small way—" Smithkins began, lamely.

"When everyone else in the world divides what he has then I'll join. I won't do it alone, but, for our little experi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment here, this will do. I won five hundred at golf. I had a pocket full of money at the time. Smithkins here saw me put the bond in my pocket, he began to rave, he quoted that rot about all men being created equal. He mentioned a division of money. Very well, I have divided the prize money; Smithkins, are you sick now?"

"If everyone would see the light, as you have seen it, all would be well with the world," declared Smithkins, "it was a pretty way out of it, a graceful method of avoiding argument with me. I suppose we'll donate this money to some charity?"

"You'll all stick the money in your pockets and forget it, use it for cigars or anything, it's on me." Welles sat down and reached for his glass. As he did so we were aware of someone at the table, a long arm reached out swiftly. A hand clutched the five bills. It was a left hand. The man's right hand held an automatic.

"No rough stuff, gents, this is all I want," said the man as he backed away from the table. We were too surprised to move, for the moment. Our armed visitor who had pussy-footed into the smoking-room of the Country Club at 2 a. m. backed against the wall and turned the switch. We were in darkness. A door slammed before Smithkins could get to the wall and switch on the lights. It was all done in a flash. We looked at each other in sheepish amazement. Then Dave Welles sat down again and proceeded to laugh. Long, loud and deep was his laughter.

"MIGHT" BEATS CAPITAL AND LABOR

"I DON'T exactly see the joke, Dave," complained Doc. "It's on Smithkins, our Parlor Socialist, here. It seems that capital and labor both fall down before *might*. Along comes this crook who represents force, might, a superior power, and he deftly removes the 'ism from Socialism with the aid of a gun. That's the joke," laughed Welles.

"If the wealth of the world were equally divided, there'd be no crooks, no such thing as might over right," declared Smithkins.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If hot-cross buns and angel cake grew on lilac bushes, there'd be no such thing as bakeries or wheat pits," snorted Welles.

"Why let him get away with it?" I suggested.

We rushed out and put on the searchlight used on foggy nights to guide our members. It threw a ray up the road.

"He's got my car!" howled Smithkins.

But Smithkins was mistaken. It was merely one like it. They make several hundred a day of that brand. We telephoned to town and then started back. We stopped off at the police station and were notified that they had a suspect.

"Is this th' crook?" asked the lieutenant.

We had to admit that we couldn't swear to it, we had been so surprised, it all happened so quickly.

"He has only a few dollars on him," we were told.

It was considerably later, several weeks in fact, that the five of us were having a house-committee meeting at the club. Smithkins was interested in a new book, more socialistic stuff. We had to shout to him to get his mind off the book long enough to take a vote on some club business.

"I've got something funny to tell you," declared Atkins, just as we were about to go home, "it will interest Smithkins, I am sure. You know I am a lawyer—"

"I know you have a sign to that effect. That's as far as I would care to go on oath about it," grumbled Smithkins.

"You know the chap arrested under suspicion of robbing us?"

"But none of you could identify him, could you?" demanded Atkins. We had to admit it.

"They had to let him go. He retained me, called me in and asked my advice. At first I didn't want to take his case, but the police found no gun on him and no money. The evidence wasn't enough. I didn't want to feel that I might have been the means of sending up an innocent man. He told a pitiful story of business troubles and sickness and all that, and so I got him off without a trial—there was no case against him. He was the most grateful man I ever saw.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We walked across to a garage where his car was kept during the few days he was in the lockup, he dived into the tool-box, got out an old inner tube with a blowout hole in it, reached inside, drew out some bills and handed them to me for my fee, again expressing his gratitude. I tucked them in my pocket and when I got back to my office I looked them over. This is what he gave me."

THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW

ATKINS produced them. Five one-hundred dollar bills!

"Our money!" gasped Smithkins.

"My money," softly corrected Atkins.

"Did the crook explain where he got it?" asked Welles.

"Not a word. He did, however, wink at me most expressively," and Atkins showed us how he winked.

"Well, we're back where we started," said Smithkins.

"Except that *I* now have the money. Might may take it away from capital and labor, but legal skill takes it from might. I have earned it. I shall keep it."

Welles laughed until we had to pound him on the back to help him recover his wind.

"Smithkins, old man," he gasped, "I've already got about a thousand dollars' worth of fun out of that five hundred. Now let's see if you can't get the money away from Atkins, here."

"But it wasn't a fair start, that crook—"

"Not at all, not at all," Welles interrupted him, "it was all our fault."

"Our fault!" spluttered Doc. Cobleigh, "How can you say that?"

"I divided the money. I handed it to you. If we had tucked it away the moment we got it, the crook would not have seen, been tempted, and sneaked in and grabbed it."

That ended the argument for the time. Atkins replaced the five hundred in his pocket and winked jovially at Smithkins who was glaring at him. But within a month Smithkins was doing all the heavy laughing while Atkins was grinning rather ruefully. It seems that Smithkins has a concrete con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cern in our suburb as well as his regular business in town. And Atkins had a concrete driveway built up to his new garage and a concrete floor put in. The bill came to about $925.

"Seeing that it is you," Smithkins said to Atkins, "I'll make it an even $900. Now let me laugh." He turned to us.

"Go to it, Smithkins," I urged, "you haven't laughed for at least two months."

"Legal talent may put it all over might, but when it comes to supplying a necessity, a tangible, solid thing like concrete instead of legal guesswork, why where is the great legal light? I rake off just $500 profit on that deal, Atkins, and I've got not only my own hundred back that Welles gave each of us, but the whole wad."

"And of course you'll divide it," I said.

"Of course you're crazy," snapped Smithkins. "Atkins wouldn't—so why should I?"

"Thanks," said Welles.

"Thanks for what?" asked Smithkins.

"For refusing to divide it. Had you done so the shock might have been fatal to us."

"Keep on kidding me, if you wish, but I have the coin," chuckled Smithkins.

DOC. REMOVES AN APPENDIX AND $500

WE didn't see Smithkins at the links for several Saturdays. When our House Committee held its monthly meeting he wasn't there.

"Smithkins can't come tonight," Doc. Cobleigh informed us, "he's sick."

"With that 'I've-eaten-the-canary' smile of yours, Doc," ventured Welles, "I should judge you are attending him."

Doc. Cobleigh nodded, pleasantly.

"Anything serious?" I asked.

"Oh no, appendix removed, splendid case, he's recovering rapidly. He'll be back on the links within a month. Acute appendicitis—he called me just in time."

Doctor Cobleigh chuckled. Perhaps he thought we looked queerly at him. He hastened to explain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Don't mistake my mirth, gentlemen," he said, "I sympathize with any unfortunate. I am not gloating over the fact that poor Smithkins was a very sick man for a while, but it is rather amusing, in a way. You'll all be interested to know that my fee was exactly $500. Hats off to medical skill, gentlemen. It's the ultimate thing. Labor, capital, might, legal services, nor a commodity like concrete driveways count against medical skill. Man must have that. And so it is natural that the five hundred finally snuggles in with the remainder of my little bank account."

"Hats off to you, Doc. I guess you win," chuckled Welles.

"I've had my laugh. I was only fooling. The truth is, gentlemen, I am going to divide this five hundred again," asserted the Doctor.

"Don't be a pale green ass," warned Welles.

"Don't deter him. I approve," I declared.

"You approve a hundred dollars' worth, eh?" said Atkins, grinning.

"It's like this, poor Smithkins has been worrying about it. He is so earnest about his belief in the created equality of man and the right of equally dividing the world's wealth that he isn't getting on as well as I wish. He is sincere, you know, and you also know that worry will defeat all the doctors and surgeons on earth. So when Smithkins gave me his check for five hundred I told him that we boys had been talking it over and that I agreed with them that we should start the experiment all over again. I handed him a hundred. I keep a hundred. Here is a hundred for you boys."

Welles protested, but Doc. explained that it would really worry poor Smithkins if we refused, so once more the five hundred was split up between the five of us.

I dropped in to see Smithkins soon after. He was already up and hobbling about. I found him with a mass of reading matter, from Spencer down to the newest and trashiest Bolshevik propaganda. Smithkins explained that he read everything, to find out all about it, but that he was no Bolshevik, merely a safe and sane Socialist, and proud of it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He said we cheered him up so greatly by dividing the five hundred to try the experiment that he soon got well.

And Doc. was right. Within six weeks Smithkins was on the links, stronger than ever, and he could surely paste the ball with a mightier stroke than he ever before possessed.

WEALTH LOOPS THE LOOP

ABOUT this time the morning stillness of our suburban streets was made hideous with the terrible rumble of coal sliding down steel chutes into various cellars. It was expected that there would be a boost in the price of coal. Most of us knew right down in our hearts that it was the old bluff, that there wouldn't be a boost, that the word was sent forth so that everyone able to do so would stock up in the summer and thus make less work for the winter deliveries. But we fell for it as usual. I did. So did Smithkins and Atkins and Cobleigh. Of course Welles didn't count. He could fill every room in his immense mansion with coal and never mind it, since he controlled a big coal mine and also a chain of retail depots.

"What do you guys mean by boosting the price of coal?" I demanded of Welles.

"No boost," he told me, with his funny, innocent expression.

"But the report—"

"Who can prevent gossip and rumor?" he asked.

"In any event, I put in my winter supply, and it set me back about $112," said Atkins.

"Mine is $105," Smithkins informed us.

"I can get through the average winter with about $95 worth, used to get away with $40 worth," complained Doc.

"I'm stung at $110," I informed them.

"By the way, where did you get your coal?" Smithkins asked me.

"At the Universal Coal Company, they have the best equipment and their coal has always been good. And you?"

"Same place," said Smithkins.

"Me, too," from Cobleigh.

"Ditto," from Atkins.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Thanks, gentlemen, thanks," and Welles stood up, hand over heart, and made us a profound bow.

"What's the big idea?" demanded Smithkins.

I stared at him a moment, saw a great light and grinned.

"You?" I asked, stabbing my finger toward him.

"Even so," said Welles, beginning to chuckle. The others stared, puzzled.

"You big boobs," I shouted, "Dave has got all his coin back, his five hundred."

"Huh?" grunted Smithkins, startled.

"The Universal Companies are his. We've each handed him back the hundred dollars, with a bit more for interest. We bought coal, to be sure, but he once more comes into possession of his original five hundred. Smithkins," I turned to him, "it won't do. It won't work. It can't be done. Divide all the world's wealth today and tomorrow some man will have twice as much and some man will be stone broke—"

NOT LUCK, BUT PLUCK PLUS BRAINS

"BECAUSE all men are not created equal, despite dear old Tom Jefferson's hunch to the contrary," put in Atkins.

"Well, then it's an unjust sort of luck, that's all," growled Smithkins. For the first time I saw Welles get angry. He tried to hide it, but that purple beneath his cheeks was plain anger, although he spoke quietly.

"Luck, eh? It was luck that made me study mining engineering and saw wood to get the money to pay for the education? It was luck that made me save every cent when I went to work and to invest in mining stock? It was luck that kept me working twenty years before I earned enough to buy a controlling interest, and to work ten years more before I got the mine properly equipped? It was luck to go hungry many a day in my youth and to work all day and study half the night when the other chaps working beside me were going to parties? Smithkins, I have built homes for my miners and I employ many thousands, their earnings enable them to marry, to raise families, to educate their children—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that's the way citizens are turned out, the way a country grows. Luck? Why say, Smithkins, I like you, but you're all wrong."

"All wrong?" stammered Smithkins.

"I didn't get back the whole of the five hundred, most of it goes to pay miners who pay it out to grocers and shoemakers and clothing dealers, and much of it goes to railroads to be paid out to the railroad men and so on. I—"

"But you've got millions, Welles," asserted Smithkins.

"Did anyone force you to buy *my* coal?"

"No, not exactly, cold weather—"

"I'm not the Weather man. Run along home to your Parlor Socialism, Smithkins, and see if there isn't something wrong with the 'ism."

Smithkins stared at Welles a moment, then extended his hand. They shook hands.

"I'll do that very thing," he said.

It was only a few weeks after that when we found Smithkins greatly excited over some new books. They were on Mental Healing.

"Mental Healing," I read over his shoulder, "why Smithkins, are you untrue to your Parlor Socialism?"

"Don't try to be sarcastic," he said, "we all went there and back with that 'ism but this Mental Healing stuff is wonderful. Let me tell you about it—"

"I am as good a mental healer as yourself," I insisted.

"Get out! You don't know the rudiments of it—"

"Just as good as you at it," I insisted, "for aren't all men created equal?"

I dodged the book he threw at me.

"At any rate, you were the only one of the bunch that never possessed the whole five hundred at one time."

Which was right, of course, but then, when I showed Smithkins this account of our experiment and my check for writing same he glared at me, then grinned.

"A fool for luck!" he exclaimed.

Smithkins thinks he's funny.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORALITY IN BUSINESS

John Henry Patterson of Dayton, Ohio

By EDWIN WILDMAN

This is not the story of a big business—it is the story of a big man who dared to carry his ideals into his work, and hitch his dollars to his theories, that men and women are not commodities but humans to whom he is responsible in his position as master of their labor. It is the story of a pioneer of industrial welfare and its reaction on business and community life. It is from such men's work and achievements that nations are made and public policies and sentiments are crystallized into a new order looking to a better world to live in—if we do not wait until it is too late.

WE were standing on the lawn that sloped down from the front of a charming southern Ohio home. Beyond, through the vista of great trees, were the lights of the city. A glorious moonlight flooded the open. For the moment the moving-picture that had been dancing across the great white sheet, ghost-like against the screen, stopped. Between us and the bank of green were two hundred men and women, when suddenly from the throng there glided up to the man beside me a girlish figure, gowned in a neat and simple frock. Her face was yet pale from evident illness—paler perhaps in the blanching silver of the moon. Timidly but eagerly, her eyes shining with the joy of one come back from the Valley of the Shadow, she spoke to the great man at my side.

"I want to thank you for being here to-night. I cannot tell you how good it is to be well again—and but for you—"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Have you enjoyed being here? I am glad you are better," he interrupted.

"You know M—C— (mentioning a great health resort) cured me. Oh, I thank you," and she glided away with the shadows.

"One of the girls from the factory who was ill," and the great capitalist turned to greet others on the lawn as they pressed his hand.

It was a meeting of the Advance Club—those who had come up from the ranks into the executive department—on the lawn of Far Hills, the rambling chalet-like home of John Henry Patterson of Dayton, Ohio.

The little dramatic incident was the last note in the symphony of emotions that registered the picture of humanitarianism in industry during a two days' visit in Mr. Patterson's realized dreamland of endeavor to live a life of helpfulness to others.

AN INDUSTRIAL VALLEY OF CONTENT

UPON a trip to the Middle West to study and investigate unrest, I had stopped off in the valley of content.

Down in the city, in the midst of man's industrial mechanism, I faced miles of efficiency, thousands of complicated machines, an endless array of operators, of turning wheels and vibrating power, thousands of the most complicated and delicate processes that go to evolve one of the most highly developed mechanisms of modern ingenuity that comes from the brain of man.

In the great factory's acres of ground and towering up a half dozen stories, I saw thousands of human beings at their daily task. The buildings were palaces of light and the interiors, burnished daily by a corps of two hundred "white wings," lent to the home of industry the air of the most modern hotel. These things, though impressive, I had seen in other industrial centres, in the East, in the South, in the elsewhere Central West. My eyes sought something else, something beyond and within that gave to the towering structure of steel and glass, of mahogany and oak, an atmosphere dif-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ferent from that of others—of most others. I did not find it upon the first day of my visit—the open sesame was withheld. But I persisted in my quest.

Not until the afternoon of the second day did I find the secret, the magic touch, the hidden spring, that took from the factory's toil its grind, and gave to the mart of labor its heart.

It was up on the slopes of Far Hills, reclining beneath one of the great trees with the master mind of the great industry below in the city, that I finally touched the pulse of the moralist of business.

MR. PATTERSON'S WORK-A-DAY CREED

"HELP people, educate them, give them opportunity," is Mr. Patterson's creed. "Don't calculate on its coming back to you, though it usually will, given the chance," is his way of expressing it. "If the wife or child of a man who is working for you is sick, help him by sending a nurse to take care of them. If they are not properly nourished, send them food from the store. The man will be more efficient. Help everybody to the limit of your strength and ability. It's good business, it's good morality. We've got to get down to the fundamentals in the lives of people, and better their conditions, set them an example, show them that what's ours is theirs; stimulate them. This place and Hills and Dales [Mr. Patterson's estate of nearly 1000 acres] is as free to anyone to come up here and enjoy, to play golf on, to picnic under the trees, to ride through and live upon in the camps, as it is to me. They come here and bring their families and rest and enjoy themselves. Last week, I had several hundred of my factory foremen to dinner—I have my men and their wives here whenever they want to come, and they learn something—they enjoy it, for it's open to them and that eliminates envy."

Children with their mothers were romping on the lawn beneath the trees, as he spoke. Their little car was backed upon the grass, off the roadway. There were no signs, "Private Property," "Keep off the Grass," on Far Hills, or Hills and Dales. "Open to all," was the only sign I saw.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then we went over Hills and Dales, the great park estate of John Henry Patterson, just on the edge of Dayton. I saw the rustic cottages and tent houses that he had built, filled with families of his factory workers. I went with him through the forest roads, down into the cool ravines where camping parties had set their stakes. I went through bower-like by-ways, and up on high outlooks that commanded the stretches of valley and river. I saw children of factory families everywhere as we passed on. I saw strangers to him playing over his golf course, and down on the east slope of his villa, by the roadside, I wandered with him through a model garden acre, where were grown almost everything, from blackberries to vegetables of every variety, corn, potatoes, grapes and various flowers, all in the charge of an instruction gardener whose advice and help was free to any from the factory or the city who sought guidance in gardening. Then down by the great factory, on reclaimed land, I saw hundreds of gardens, ground free to his people of the industrial work-a-day. I even saw "strangers" drive up to the side of his house on the hill and jump from their little Fords in bathing attire, to enjoy his great swimming pool, not far from his house. I saw his lawns occupied by 500 people giving a War Community pageant.

In the two days of my visit, we did not once dine at the table in his home, but once under the trees with his employees, once upon the lawn with the war benefit workers, when 300 were his guests at dinner after the pageant, "The Progress of Woman," was enacted.

HELP OTHERS AND YOU HELP YOURSELF

"WHAT I can do, others can do," came to me and I wondered. Had Mr. Patterson found a solution of industrial unrest—this plain man whose factory has a hundred cars and who rides to work each morning punctually at 8:30 in a Ford?

"You've got to help people," he reiterates. "You've got to help them to get more out of life and give them more profit-sharing. You've got to reach out and concern yourself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the conditions of the city in which they live. You've got to keep them healthy and happy, and not leave them alone to brood and grow disgruntled and Bolshevistic."

So I looked further around Dayton and around the great factory, and I talked with men working over machinery and girls at the lathes and work tables. They told me of their work and what they were paid and what the company did for them. At the noon hour I saw 1300 men at lunch in a great white hall at 30 cents for each meal—one they could not buy for twice that sum at a cheap restaurant. I saw another great dining-room where hundreds of girls were given luncheon for 15 cents. Then I entered the School House, as big as a theatre and I saw 1500 more, some eating their own lunches, others coming in after luncheon, and all being entertained by the music of a well-trained factory band, while a full-fledged moving-picture program was run on the screen.

Afterwards I visited the welfare rooms and the hospital, in charge of a physician and trained nurses and having an electric bath, massage, showers, and rest beds for any who were injured or became ill during the day. I visited a large airy library and reading room and club halls, at once a college and a work shop—an educational course in modern industry, it all seemed to me.

A MAN WHO MAKES THINGS PAY

A PHILANTHROPIST! The word came to my mind. And yet I knew better. I had looked into the keen eyes and watched the firm lips of the master of this great institution; I had read of his great business success—the growth of an industry from the humblest beginnings to 7000 man power, with a daily average pay list of $25,000 and I knew better. I was talking with a Captain of Industry; a man who had made things pay, had made man give a dollar's worth of labor for a dollar's pay; a man who had built up a vast system, a big business of world-wide reach, and had never had but one strike; a man who played no favorites but earnest, honest labor, and entertained no indulgence for an idler, or a slacker; who believed the best in us is the least we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should give; a man who did not wink at the man who loafed over his bench, or surreptitiously read a newspaper at his work, or who used up his energy in drink or tobacco, or late hours—withal a taskmaster who demanded the best for the man's sake, and for the work's sake; but who rewarded quickly, who responded and promoted eagerly and whose own share was always at the beck and call of need and betterment for the good of the individual and the community.

An anomaly in the industrial world? No, a pioneer.

"What has been your guiding light—your underlying reason for your life of self-imposed usefulness to others?" I asked him.

The veteran capitalist in his seventy-seventh year, but seemingly as young at heart and strong of body as men of half his age, fell into a soliloquy.

"There is a universal law, God's law, that controls the world and all there is on it and all life. It saw fit to enter my life and take away those dear to me. Why was I punished, I reasoned, if not to see the light? What I would have done for them I resolved to do for others."

John H. Patterson, inspired by an emotion, an ideal, a sense of morality, brought to a focus in his own life by the tragedy in his domestic circle, has lived for others. Thirty years ago he first saw into the hearts and sensed the ambitions and despair of the lowly; of those whose lives were a daily grind, whose colossal handicaps were ignorance and poverty and whose very existence in their sordid environment was a menace to the community of the present and a danger to the nation of the future.

So he began to build, not only in steel and stone, but human character, and business morality. He turned Slidertown, the worst suburb of Dayton, into a garden of beauty. A lover of nature, he beautified everything he touched. "Slidertown," the one time slums, where stands his factory, is today a beauty spot, but he did not stop there. As rapidly as he could educate and extend his activities, he reached out to the city, then to Hills and Dales—today Dayton and its environs is as beautiful a city as lies along the bank of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ohio. It is a city of beautiful residences and parks, and drives of endless charm, for others soon followed the example of his work and the Patterson idea gripped and stuck and prevails in Dayton.

This is not merely the study, nor the studied eulogy of a man. It was Mr. Patterson's request to eliminate his name in anything I might write of my visit. This is the study of morality in industry and a consideration of its effects.

A RISING TIDE OF IGNORANCE TO COMBAT

WITH the sinister forces of ignorance rising like a tide in America, every thinking and forceful man and woman must take heed of his fellow man. With our millions of un-Americanized peoples yet to fuse into one commonwealth of industry, there is need to study the force of mass that, under organization, strikes blindly at all that goes to make labor and government secure and civilization stable and progressive. The spirit of "we want more" is rampant and when it is supplemented, as by a Chicago strike-leader the other day, with "We don't care who pays the bills, we're going to have it," there danger and Bolshevism threaten.

How shall the leaders of industry meet the clamor at their doors? How shall the laws of moral economics be met, as against the massed force of organized demand contrary to economic laws?

How far can industry go to meet those demands and preserve itself and maintain law, order and government? The issue must be met and neither the industrial master nor the political parties wants to resort to armed peace in industry, "compulsory" arbitration, which never endures, indeterminate "lock-outs," and other rejected forms of industrial battle. Those are the last resorts, the last trench, and they are destructive fields of conflict.

I went to Dayton, to Detroit, to Dearborn, to Chicago, to other cities where the smokestack is the emblem of marvelous industrial growth. I talked with many men, great leaders, executives in government and military men of high calibre—active, thinking men of great and acknowledged

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

achievements, heart and soul for the future of American greatness, and the just and equitable settlement of our problems of labor and capital. One and all they voiced the same thought. We must take care of our workers, meet them as men, see that their jobs are protected, get them jobs if they are idle, give them good working conditions, divide with them the profits, but we must not surrender control of big business, transportation—government itself—to those who are incompetent—who seek by mass action to demand what is unfair to the industry and to the people who pay.

Of other views, opinions, plans, and conditions, there is much to say. Let us return to Mr. Patterson, for in his advanced ideas there is fruitful study. There are those industries, now in the control of groups of industrial men or bankers, or lawyers, or second generation holders, who have gone more extensively into *investment* in systems and methods for the welfare of their workers, but their activities have been reduced to a plan and a professional system—*sans* heart. His is the experiment of an individual working out a practical ideal, *plus* heart.

MIX MORALITY WITH BUSINESS

SHALL heart interest, personal human sense of justice that goes beyond economics, continue to play the major role, or shall the worker be given what he is demanding—more pay—and be left to the tender mercies of the particular municipality where he happens to live, or drift to, in his present shifting and scurrying from factory to factory, for more pay to meet the high cost of living, or take advantage of the opportunity of the hour?

Mr. Patterson thinks the hope of the future, and the look toward the solution of the present unrest is to give morality to business, plus heart interest. By heart interest he means that consideration that one extends to one whose concern is one's own.

Passing by a gravel pit one day, where some of his employees were working upon a part of his estate now given to the city as a public golf course, Mr. Patterson overheard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some workmen berating him. So he stopped to listen and learn. After hearing himself called various epithets, one of the workmen suddenly broke in, "I don't care a d— what you fellows say or what you think. Mr. Patterson sent a nurse to my house when my wife and child had diphtheria and saved their lives—he's all right with me."

Down in the factory I saw old men at the doors, old men running the elevators, helping about the grounds; throughout the great buildings I saw a majority of middle-aged men. "I've been with Mr. Patterson 30 years," said one. "I've been with Mr. Patterson over 30 years," said another. "I've been here six years," said a bright faced efficient woman, at a bench. "I earn from 40 to 47c an hour, a seven-and-one-half-hour day, a six-and-one-half-day week."

Most of the Patterson employees are on piece work. There have never been any troubles with unions—the factory is an "open shop."

A GREAT EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION

THE Patterson university of industry is a community in itself. The fundamental theme, as I sensed it, is education; the aim is to make money happily; the result is the betterment of the individual and the improvement of the life of the community. The slogan might be summed up as co-operation.

Outside the factory the boy is gathered up and taught to work at box-making and gardening; inside the factory he is taught a trade, taught to work, to think, to know how to develop his efficiency and his observation. In between hours, he is taught how and what to play for fun and health. Nothing is done haphazard. The master of his Dayton industrial institution was, I was told, once a school teacher. He is now, at any rate. "Learn by the eye," he said to a "class" of young ladies in his photographic department. "Teach through the eye. It is your duty to color these photographs into beauty. Make them attractive. See these cartoons? Here is a head of a young man with an arrow pointing into one ear and out the other. He learns nothing. It is "in one,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out the other" with him. Here are a dozen men chewing tobacco—see what power is lost by such senseless and health-injuring activity of their jaws. Oh, if we could only harness those jaws, what a lot of power we could get," and so he went on over some of the thousands of glass slides designed for lecture purposes, for anyone who wants to use them in the factory or out.

Then I understood the great School House, where entertainments, lectures and music follow in continuous sequence daily. On the bill board were posted prizes for suggestions; for back-yard beautification; for efficiency winners; for boy box-furniture makers—what not? It made me feel as if I wanted to jump in and win one. I observed all sorts of clubs, within the industrial university, like societies at school and college. Efficiency clubs, advance clubs, selling point clubs, health clubs for boys and girls, study clubs, picnic clubs, outing clubs, women's clubs, gardening clubs—the activities are myriad. Education, self-help! The thought was insistent.

And of John H. Patterson's extension course outside the industrial university, let Dayton speak. Of the experts in city beautifying, the scientific men, the great lecturers, educators, ministers, who have been brought to Dayton to contribute their work, and of those scores of men in all professions who have been sent out to other cities to study, to learn, to rest and recover their health, let them tell their story.

DOES HEART IN INDUSTRY PAY?

IS there a heart in Industry—is a heart good for industry? —go to Dayton with the 30,000 others who make the annual pilgrimage to tour the factory, and see. I think there is, and, what John Henry Patterson has done, others can do and it will pay.

Mr. Patterson's is not the only industry that has put the mark of humanitarianism upon Dayton. It is called the city of a thousand factories. There are other captains of educational industry there, some of them graduates of his school of work, others emulators of his ideas and they too

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have built parks, schools of industry, housed their employees, opened their homes and their purses—for, as Mr. Patterson's slogan runs, "What I have done, others can do," but the important thought in these days when great industries are suffering from persecution at the hands of politicians, and troubles from the demands of labor, the industrial university of John H. Patterson stands and grows with increasing power and output, and the sage of Far Hills, three-quarters of a century young, has set up a plan that works. It was born in the agony of grief, and the heart that gave it being throbs today in its emotions, as gently and sincerely as it did when he sold his expensive horses, thirty years ago, and gave the money to a needy sick and crushed family, whose toiler was bent to the point of breaking beneath the burden.

AN EMPTY SOUL

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

AS my purse
Filled with clinking gold,
Slowly my soul grew empty.
. . . the friendly Gods
That taught me
How to find the sunset fire,
And the moist grayness of the wind-swept sky,
And the green stormlight
Over purple hills—
The little Gods that showed me
How to dream
Blue and crystal days,
Slipping,
Slipping,
Like thin-blown marbles
Through Time's lazy fingers—
All these little friendly Gods
Have withdrawn
From the horror
Of my empty soul.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MYSTERY OF THE CZARINA

The Unsolvable Enigma of Her Life and Death

By H. DeWISSEN

[Author of "The White Woman Who Haunts the Kaiser," etc.]

CLIMATE, ancient sorcerer. Blonde humanity with blue eyes, they are predestined to sit in the high places and rule the earth. But they are the perishing blondes, for when they venture down from the North to tropic climes, more often than not the sun disintegrates them, even renders them mad. The Eye of Apollo frizzles their minds, even as the eyes of Medusa turned men to stone. The blacks and the yellow, it was given to them to withstand the blazing sunshine, but when they venture into the lands of the blondes, they correspondingly fail to survive. It would seem that an infinite repugnance is expressed when humans presumptuously leave the clime in which they are born—sometimes, too, when a native land is left, women, too, fall victims. "Alix" fell.

You do not know Alix? That is because you are a good American and did not trifle away the years in the City of Gray Nights. Petrograd called her "Alix." But in the archives of royalty she is Alexandra Alice, daughter of Ludwig IV, Grand Duke of Hesse, and Czarina of all the Russias. And she is dead. Possibly. For concerning the Romanoffs today there is as much mystery as in those days before the Revolution, when the knouted, sobbing, shrieking chorus of the people heralded the infamy of the Czar.

"Nicholas II—Nicky, rather—and Alix were slain by the Bolsheviki."

"That is not true. They are living in hiding."

"You are wrong. Lenine is holding them as super-hostages."

"Ah, but I saw them buried."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You are but an ignorant peasant. They told you it was they. Even the Bolsheviki would not dare to kill the holy Little White Father and the holy Little White Mother of Russia."

Do Alix and her consort live?

In that enormous, red-walled and unbelievably ugly palace in Potsdam that a degenerate old man, Frederick, whom some call Great, crowned with a statue of three women blowsily dressed, the real rulers of the Russia, France and Austria of his day, there sat a master matchmaker,—Wilhelm. Bent upon installing German women on the thrones of Europe, so that through them he could intrigue when came *Der Tag,* his eyes roved from nation to nation. It saw Russia, and it saw there a weak, docile man, Nicholas. Then the Kaiser, he who was "anointed of God," considered the Princesses of his land. In Hesse, there was the beautiful Princess Alexandra Alice. Brilliantly educated, possessing all the grace, dignity and charm that is supposed to be a Princess' by birth, endowed with a voice that might have made her a success in grand opera had she not been born to the purple, the Princess Alice was a much-sought-after beauty. The Kaiser exchanged messages with the heir to the Russian throne—Nicky, as he called him. Everything was nicely cut and dried, and thus romantically they were married.

ALIX BECOMES EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS

THEN, Alexander III was ruling in Russia. A giant in stature, a Hercules in strength, he shriveled away into a miserable, living death of cowardly terror. When the Imperial train was blown up at Borki, he stood shaking like an aspen while the dismembered corpses of his faithful servants were dragged from the wreck. With fine irony he was spared. Unsettled nervously by the shock, he swiftly went to pieces and died in a disordered way, some few years later. So was the way paved for the Kaiser's choice, the beautiful Alix, to ascend to the Russian throne and sit at the side of the docile Nicky.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the last minute things almost went wrong. Nicky, the poor man, didn't want the throne. Overcome by an attack of abject cowardice, sweating with fright, he declared that he would never reign. He shivered and whimpered like one demented. He saw himself hiding in bomb-proof cellars, dreading to take a morsel of food lest it be poisoned, fearing even to enter his own capital. But the woman he had married, she who was from Hesse, was descended from Teutonic women who, in the olden days, went into battle with their husbands. So poor Nicky was pushed onto the throne.

Alix came then to live in the unhealthy Russian capital —that place where the round domes and bulb cupolas of the churches overlaid with gold leaf or blue enamel, flecked with golden stars, flash out above snow-mantled roofs. She who was from the softer climate of Hesse came to live in a city where damp fogs drift down through dingy little streets, whose shops were marked with the strange, almost cabalistic Slavonic letters. She, who was used to the long sunshine and the brief winters of her home land, came to that city built on the marshes, filled with Asiatic types of men and women, whom she could see every day leisurely making their way along the Nevski Prospekt, seemingly untouched by the intense cold—while she shivered, to her very soul.

UNDER THE SWAY OF MYSTICS

IT was not long before Alix began to be touched by the mysticism which drugs the minds of so many who dwell in Russia—particularly those not born to the land. For six months, covering the greater part of the winter season, the Russian church prescribes a season of Lent, during which all good believers—and Alix was one such—are under-nourished, and mentally disturbed. Comes the Autumn, with its weeks of dreary, depressing rain. Did she go to the country, there were the gray and monotonous steppes, ready to cast their spell, and dark, mysterious forests stretched for hundreds of miles. All these conditions communicated to the brain cause a brooding melancholy that crushes the individual like a nightmare. One becomes dead with inertia and hope-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less with resignation. Stricken by sickness, one goes miles to consult a sorcerer, a wonder-worker, to obtain a charm. And just as the peasants are stricken by this melancholy, so their lords. So was Nicholas and so came to be Alix.

Nicholas had not been Czar long when he showed that he was going to be like many of the Romanoffs who had gone before him. He gathered about him occultists and soothsayers. And Wilhelm, who sat in the red castle at Potsdam, was pleased. The Czar would be as clay in the hands of this German Princess whom he had married. But the Kaiser, showing a characteristic fault, did not take into consideration all possibilities. He did not weigh the chance that Alix might become a mystic too. A good, strong German girl bothering with spiritualists? *Unglaublich!*

Now, when mystics gather about the ruler of a land, the ruler ceases to rule. The mystics rule. If a soothsayer is simple and honest he gives the incredible Emperor his blessing, is satisfied with a gift, and departs. But if he is not so simple, if he is cunning, he does not depart and remains to rule invisibly. Which brings us to the great palace at Tzarskoye Selo. Alix's husband was receiving his ministers. Through the great entrance of the palace they came, tall, stately, powerful men, with imposing portfolios under their arms. But even as they entered the Czar's study there were crowding through the back doors of the palace, filthy, ragged, barefooted women and men, saintly idiots. And Alix saw her husband dismiss his ministers after but brief conversations, and then spend hours with the soothsayers and spiritualists. A foul band, they went freely from one room of the palace to the other. Did not God speak through them?

Often a word from them completely destroyed any carefully worked out plan of the Czar's ministers. They were Matronushka the Barefooted, an old hag, who was supposed to be able to forecast events. With her husband Alix listened for hours to her gibberish. Matronushka pleased them by predicting the birth of a male heir to the throne. As only daughters had been born of Alix's union with the Czar, a son was greatly desired. By simply predicting that this would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come to be fulfilled, Matronushka, the Barefooted, was able to live in the palace instead of in the dirty cellar in Petrograd, from which they had elevated her.

THE PILGRIMAGE AND THE PROPHECY

ALIX was intent upon a son, so that there might be another Czar. She heard that a prophetess, Pasha Sarovskaya, lived in a monastery in the forest of Tambov. She appealed to the Czar to bring the prophetess to the palace and make her their court saint. But the old woman—she was supposed to be one hundred and ten—declined to come; so Alix and Nicky made a pilgrimage to the monastery. There Pasha, giving them a wild glance, thrust a half-knitted stocking into the Czarina's hand.

"Knit it, knit it, Little Mother," she mumbled, "it is a stocking for your son." Alix left the monastery as in a dream, pressing the old idiot's gift to her breast and kissing it repeatedly. She had come under the mystic spell of the Romanoffs.

And back in Potsdam the Kaiser was worried. He had cause to be worried. When Alix had married, he had looked forward to a Russia that would do his will, that some day would join with him and fall upon the world. But, lo! it was brought to his startled ears that Russia had contracted an alliance with France. What was the matter with Alix? For the soothsayers ruled the Bear.

Melancholy and ghost-ridden by now, in constant fear of his life, pursued by invisible hands, fetichism and spiritualism came to dominate the whole existence of Alix and the Czar. About this time the Grand Duchess Militza, wife of the Czar's cousin, heard a wandering monk say: "I see on a heavenly cloud the child that will be born to Russia." Word of this was passed to Alix, and the Czar sent for the monk. He was tall and possessed of tremendous vitality. He wore a long beard, his nose was like the hawk's; and his eyes were deep set and evil. His habitual expression was a leer. He was shrewd, bold, sensuous. He was Gregory Rasputin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RISE OF RASPUTIN THE MONK

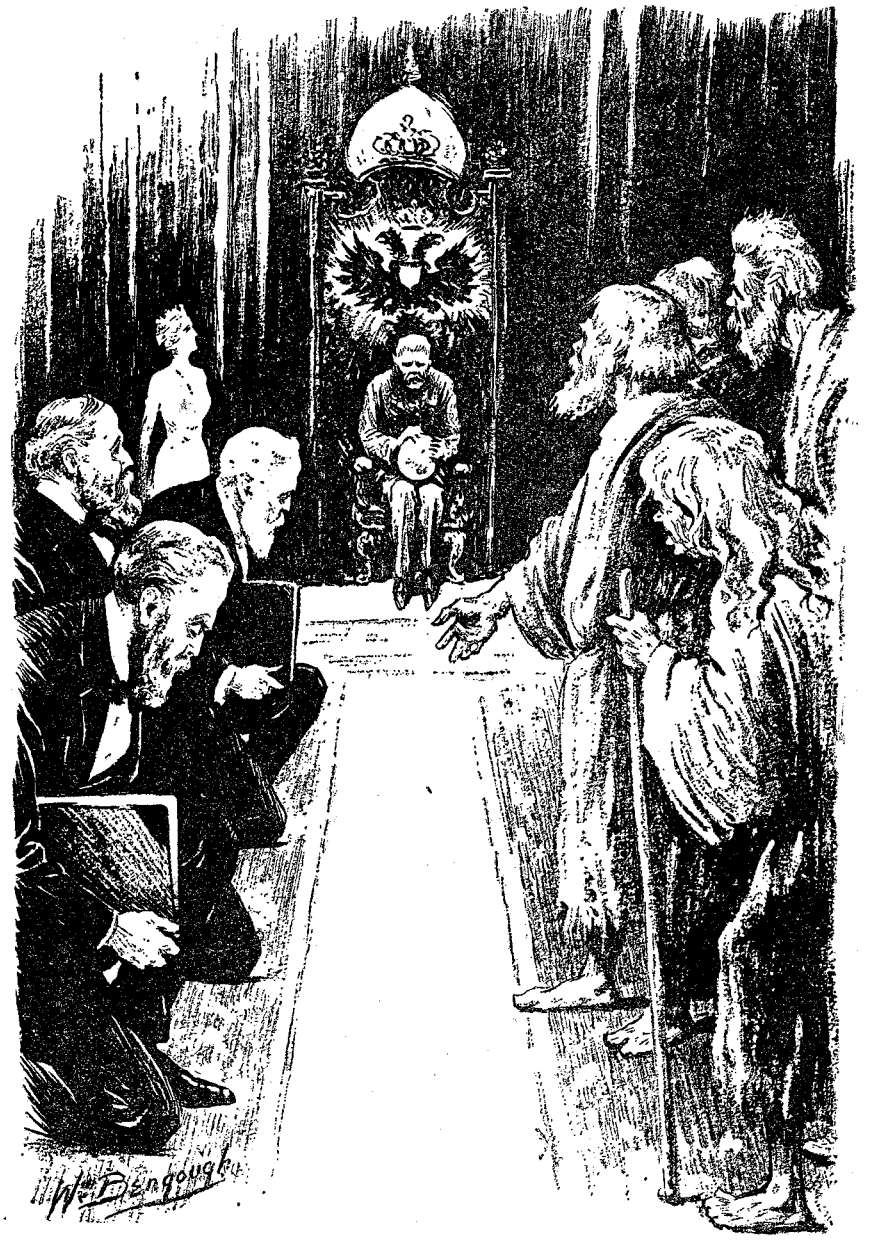
UPON his arrival at the capital he was welcomed by many women of higher rank, who were eager for his kind of emotional religion. Satiated beings, they had exhausted the possibilities of all known sensation. So when the Czar sent for Rasputin, his popularity among the nobility immediately became great. Strangely enough, his prophecy came true, for a son *was* born shortly after his arrival in Petrograd. This established his prestige with the royal family, they deeming that Rasputin had caused a miracle to come to pass.

Now, the history of the Russian court reeks with exotic mysteries. Never has its morality been normal. In this atmosphere of charlatanism, Alix had become eccentric. There were times when she lapsed into a lamentable state of health more than bordering upon irresponsibility. The birth of Alexis the Czarevitch was a sensation. A strikingly handsome child, cheerful and merry, displaying none of the inherited melancholy of the Romanoffs, he resembled his mother in many ways. It was difficult to discern in him any Romanoff characteristic. Shortly after his birth Alix was plunged into a fit of melancholy.

As the little Czarevitch grew, so grew the power of the foul monk, Rasputin. The Czar changed the monk's name to New—Gregory New. This came about because one day when Gregory was entering the dining-room of the palace where Alix was holding her son in her lap, the little fellow clasped his hands and said "New, new, new." Those were his first words, so the Czar at once changed Gregory's name to New. To quote the monk: "I was made welcome in the Imperial apartments and often spent days with Alix. I have even carried her to and fro like a baby. I often play with the children. Once all her four girls together climbed up on me and little Alexis sat on my back, and I gave them quite a long ride in the nursery. When they got off the Czarina said, 'Forgive them, Gregory, they know that you are holy and that they ought not to ride on you.' But it was only for fun."

Alix showered presents upon Gregory, expensive rugs,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Under the Sway of the Mystics and Soothsayers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a multitude of costly ikons, and all kinds of luxuries including Imperial portraits with gold crowns. Becoming more and more obsessed with the idea that this evil charlatan was their salvation, Alix made a number of shirts for him with her own hands. From one of these the monk tore off the collar, when the Czar was suffering from a sore throat, and wrapped it about his neck. The Czar slept with it and the next day pronounced that he had been cured by a miracle.

RASPUTIN'S BALEFUL HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE

BUT stories were beginning to circulate into the royal household, about Gregory. They were stories of a luxurious apartment in Petrograd, stories of orgies that went on there, under the guise of religious ceremonies. There was an officer's wife who finally gathered up a quantity of material concerning the licentiousness of Saint Gregory and wrote it in a book. She sent this book to the Czar, impelled by motives of patriotism, seeking to destroy the influence of so evil a man in the Russian court. Alix and the Czar sent for Gregory.

They asked him: "Gregory, shall we read this book or not?"

He replied: "Does it give you pleasure to read in the lives of the Saints how slanderers mocked the Godly man?" No, it distressed them. "Well, then," said Gregory, "do as you please."

And the Czar took the book and threw it into the fireplace.

There came to the Czarina, Theophanes, a bishop of the Russian church. He sought to tell her the truth about the monk, and to request that he be sent from the country. But Alix said to him, "Away with you, or I will have you degraded."

Then, when Gregory came, she with her husband knelt before him and began to kiss his hands and feet. Raising her hands as if in supplication to God, her eyes filled with tears, she said, "Gregory, even though all the men on earth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rise against you, I shall not leave you and shall listen to nobody."

And the Czar exclaimed, "Gregory, you are Christ!"

People who are mystics like Alix and the Czar tire quickly of their charms. Alix became soon a little weary of the uncombed monk and he was quick to sense it. Then began the illness of little Alexis, the Czarevitch.

High in the Imperial family was a woman named Virouba, companion of Alix, with whom Gregory contracted an alliance. She was the wife of an officer but Gregory saved her soul; so she left the officer. She invariably spoke of Gregory as "Our great clairvoyant, prophet and ascetic." When Alix began to cool toward Gregory, the monk gave Virouba a little bottle filled with an Asiatic drug. This, Alix's favorite companion was kind enough to administer secretly to Alix's son whenever the monk desired. Of course the little boy became ill. Then Virouba suggested that it would be wise to call in Gregory to save the boy. When the monk came in, he stood over the boy, prayed in a wild way, crying "Devil, devil, I command thee to depart," and took his leave. Of course Virouba then ceased giving the drug to Alexis and naturally the effects of it at once were off. But in the eyes of the hoodwinked Alix, Father Gregory had performed another miracle. Whenever poor distracted Alix asked him if the boy would live to be Czar, Gregory would reply, " The Czarevitch will live as long as I, the prophet, am honored at court."

THE TRAGEDY ON THE ROYAL YACHT

ALIX had no thought for the wishes of the Kaiser, those days. There was no room in her mind for the intrigues of Berlin. They came later. All her thoughts were centered upon little Alexis and this weird monk, who she believed could keep him alive. Also the terror of her husband was increasing. He feared death. A day came when he could no longer bear to think of living in the palace, where a bomb might reach him, so Alix took him and their little son, Alexis, on board the yacht, *Standart,* a beautiful craft, magnificent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as an ocean liner; the last word in voluptuous splendor. Commanded by an admiral who was the hero of great naval battles of the Japanese war, manned by the very pick of the officers and men of the Imperial Navy, Alix thought that her husband and her boy would be safe, were they to cruise in the gulf of Finland. An anarchist scare was in the air.

Before the yacht left its moorings Alix sent for Chagin.

"You are sure, Admiral, perfectly sure, that no beasts of Revolutionists are among the crew?"

"Majesty, I have sworn"; and he reverently bowed to the tall, once commanding-looking woman, but now grimacing and nervous, who stood on his quarterdeck. From photographs, the world knows Alix as a delicate and majestic figure of calm face. Confronting the Admiral was a woman, plainly the victim of nervous maladies.

"I have sworn, Majesty. My life stands forfeit for it. If there be a disaffected man on the *Standart* I blow out my brains."

Alix was appeased and retired. Of course Chagin had said nothing to her about that beautiful Russian student, Helen Sokoloff. What business was it of the Czarina's anyhow? All the cousins and uncles of her husband had establishments all over Petrograd and gossip toyed with the reputations of many of the court. But Alix's husband was essentially a family man, indeed, noble Russia derisively called him "the little family man." The Admiral knew that Alix was equally disinterested in lefthanded love affairs. So why discuss with her the charming Helen Sokoloff, whom she had never heard of anyhow?

Also Alix had not heard that the fair Helen had induced Admiral Chagin to secure berths on the Imperial yacht for two deserving sailor dependents of her family. Of course Helen was a student and in Russia "student" is a synonym of "revolutionist." But being vain, like all men who are in love, the Admiral felt sure about the two sailors Helen had nominated. Of course she loved him too much to play any trick. Russia's naval hero of the Japanese war!—no wonder the poor girl had lost her head over him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So the Imperial yacht sailed to sea, and little Alexis played about the decks until something happened. It was said to be an accident; but an investigation began. At dawn a boat pulled ashore from the Czar's yacht and landed two men for the fortress authorities. They were the men nominated by Helen Sokoloff. They were both dead. . . . And the little boy Alexis who had been taken ashore was groaning from the incurable injury the men had inflicted upon him.

SUICIDE OF THE ADMIRAL AND HIS ADMIRER

ADMIRAL CHAGIN went to Petersburg. He wrote several letters to his relatives and one to Helen Sokoloff. Then he wrote something on a piece of paper and left it on his table. It read: "I ask that none be accused of my death." Then he blew out his brains.

When the girl got his letter she hurried around to his apartment. The servants knew her; they had often seen her there, but they followed her upstairs. They found Chagin sitting dead in his chair. Around him were the autographed photographs of the Imperial family whom he believed he had innocently betrayed. At his feet they found the girl, an empty acid bottle on the floor beside her. They found his will, with the provision that if she killed herself when he did her family was to receive $15,000. The money was used to defray the expenses of the Sokoloff family—expenses incurred in despatching it to, and maintaining it in Siberia. While from the second floor of the palace Alix fled shrieking from the sickchamber of her son up the broad stairway to her bed-room. There Feodoroff, a great specialist, overtook her as she was unlatching the window clasps and shrieking her intent of hurling herself to the street. She had gone mad.

Came the war—a heavy tragedy in the career of this tragic and mysterious woman. Came the war, with the mysticism of the Russian court having smashed the carefully laid plans of the Kaiser. For instead of marching side by side with Germany as he had hoped in those early days when he had matched Alix with Nicholas, the armies of Russia fell upon Prussia. And the woe of the Madman of Potsdam!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BERLIN INTRIGUES GREGORY RASPUTIN

BUT all was not well in Russia. The monk Gregory still had his power in the court. German intrigue had honeycombed the court—not forgetting that Alix was born in Germany. Somehow, in some way, the Germans intrigued the monk Gregory. The luxury of his life increased; he became wealthy. He began to be a sinister power in the Russian court, secretly working for the Kaiser. He recalled to Alix that she was a German by birth. The cabal of betrayal began. Between Gregory and Alix the enormous strength of Russia was sapped. There were councils of the Czar's generals and the Czar's ministers. A decision for the army front was reached. Enter Gregory and Alix. A few muttered words by the saint and the decision of the Czar's War Council was revoked.

Outwardly, Alix was a great Russian patriot. She organized Red Cross societies, she donated hospital-trains. Quietly she used influence for peace. The relatives of the Czar warned him. They insisted that her activities be curtailed. They demanded the imprisonment of the monk. The Grand Duke Nicholas, a real military strategist, a man of exceptional ability, Commander-in-Chief of the armies in the field, declared to the Czar on a visit to the front that unless the pernicious work that was going on back in Petrograd ceased he would return the troops and round up the offenders, particularly Gregory. And with unstrung nerves, blinking his lifeless, tired eyes at him, the Czar said, "Thou—you—thou—don't—touch Gregory. He—must be obeyed. He is our father and saviour. We must adhere to him. Yes. God has sent him. His enemies attack him, but we obey Father Gregory and what do you mean—"

And Alix said, "Take care to abide by Father Gregory, our common Father, Saviour, instructor and greatest contemporary Saint."

And Count Witte, who at Alix's suggestion was sent to Berlin secretly in 1915 to attempt to make a separate peace with Germany, said of the monk, "He is a man of unusually lofty soul." While back in his luxurious Petrograd apart-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment Father Gregory was continuing the immoral affairs that were soon to lead to his fall.

You know the story; how, because Grand Duke Nicholas' generalship was baffling the Germans, Alix and Gregory between them had him removed from command of the army and sent down to the Caucasus, there to be Viceroy. You know how, thanks to Alix and Gregory, enormous supplies of ammunition were held in the interior of Russia while stupid offensives began at the front, feeding hundreds of thousands of Russians to the fury of the German guns. You know how Gregory Rasputin was finally killed, how some husbands and brothers finally wearied of scandals and decoying him to a house, murdered him and threw his body into a canal. You know how Alix, hatless, paced up and down the banks until it was recovered and then, with her husband, helped carry a gorgeous coffin containing the scoundrel to a final resting place. And then the Revolution.

DOES ALIX STILL LIVE?

"I AM very happy," said Nicholas Romanoff, after the Revolution. "I have always wanted to work in a garden." And the poor, frail half-wit pottered around with a hoe on the little Siberian farm where the Revolutionists had sent him and his family. They allowed Alix to take along only fifteen trunks of clothes, which made her very indignant. She came to brood over this almost as much as over the death of Father Gregory. And then one day the despatch was flashed around the world that she and her husband and her son had been killed. And then it was denied; and then it was affirmed; then it was denied again. Is she alive?

A brilliant, cultured woman with more than her share of brains, she was transplanted as a young Princess from a soft climate and made to live in a gray land of rain and freezing cold and dreary, depressing skies. And the mysticism of that land took hold of her and later the long arm of Berlin reached her and she caused Russia's undoing. What a different story had she gone to marry in another land! What a wonderful career might have been hers!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHENCE FUTURE PHOTOPLAYS?

The Demands of the Screen Not Met by Fictionists

By FREDERICK PALMER
[PRESIDENT, PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION]

"WHO will write the photoplays of the future?" is a question that is arousing varying degrees of perturbation among several scores of motion-picture producers, several hundreds of famous novelists, short-story writers and dramatists, several thousands of hit-or-miss free-lance writers of indifferent success and several millions of motion-picture theatre-goers.

Within scarcely more than two decades there has been created a sort of *Frankenstein* monster with an insatiable appetite for picturable fiction. A hundred new stage productions with a scattering of "revivals" of past successes would supply the United States with material for a gigantic theatrical season, just as a few hundred new novels would keep the presses of all the book publishers of the country exceedingly busy for a twelve-month. Yet thousands of photoplays are necessary to keep the cameras of the motion-picture producers clicking at a rate sufficient to meet the demands of exhibitors in their endeavor to satisfy the long lines of patrons eagerly waiting at the box-office windows.

The tremendous growth of the motion-picture as a permanent and indispensable institution forms one of the most amazing sequences of events of this age in which we are so accustomed to speed and the acceleration of speed that we have almost ceased to wonder at anything.

It was in 1872 that Mr. Muybridge first obtained a succession of snap-shot photographs which formed the first crude experimentation in motion photography. Others contributed to the development of the fundamental but still impractical idea of photographically reproducing motion, but it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was not until 1893 that animated photography was lifted from the realm of experiment into that of commercial practicability. When Thomas A. Edison's kinetoscope was exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair it was in the form of a wooden cabinet, which permitted but one spectator at a time, so that we must really consider 1895 as the year of the birth of motion-pictures. It was then that they were first shown upon a screen, and not until 1896 was the initial public demonstration given.

BIRTH OF THE SILENT DRAMA

DURING these early days such startling and artistic scenes as "The Gardener Playing The Hose," and "Mammy Washing Her Child," were shown. These were in lengths of from twenty-five to forty feet of film and were viewed as a matter of wonder merely because they were pictures that moved. As the demand for motion-pictures grew the length of exhibited film was increased to two or three hundred feet; then came the first photoplay—the first exhibited film that pretended to show anything in the way of a consecutive story. This was entitled "The Great Train Robbery," and was eight hundred feet long. It is interesting to note that the Edison Company proudly advertised that the cost of production was $400, and then to consider that several productions that have been made during the past few years have cost close to a million dollars each.

It is also told of this first photoplay that Mr. G. M. Anderson, later worshipped by millions of theatre-goers as "Broncho Billy," almost refused to work in the production because he was asked to ride a horse. He finally consented after it was agreed that an exceedingly gentle mount be chosen—and this was the beginning not only of photoplays but of Broncho Billy's career as a Wild Western horseman. This production was first shown in 1897, I believe—therefore we have before us the proof that the art of photoplay writing is just twenty-two years old.

Within this brief period the manufacture, distribution and exhibition of motion-pictures has grown to its present

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

position of the fifth largest industry in the United States. That is sufficient, statistically speaking, to indicate the magnitude of the burden of demand that rests upon the fundamental source of supply—the creators of fiction of a form and quality adaptable to use as photoplays.

EARLY METHODS OF PRODUCTION

AND this leads directly to the question, "What is a Photoplay?" In the earlier days of film production, any more or less connected sequence of events sufficed, for spectators were so dazzled by the novelty of animated pictures of any sort that they were not inclined to be particularly critical. As the novelty wore off, however, audiences became less easily satisfied. As recently as seven or eight years ago, I have seen a director gather together a little group of actors and start out to make a "production" of one thousand or two thousand feet of film, with nothing more than a vague, central idea of what the story was to be about. Aided and abetted by suggestions received from the actors, the picture would be completed in two or three days, and not until it was finished did anyone have anything in the nature of a definite idea of what it was all about. In some cases no one was certain even after the picture had been exhibited.

I knew another director who would photograph from two to four stories simultaneously. He would make notes of, perhaps, three stories and then start out and photograph all of the exterior scenes for all three. This sometimes occupied two or three days and frequently was accomplished in one day, if the light was good. While this was being done the scenery would be set up for the interior sets of the three stories and the next day or so would be occupied in photographing them. At the end of the week, the negatives would be sorted out and the three finished productions would be patched together. If a scene from story No. 1 turned out to fit story No. 2, it was immediately lifted out and transferred. Frequently all three stories were quite other in their finished condition than the director had originally intended.

The results of such methods of production were of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course exceedingly crude and if some of those pictures were exhibited today there would be danger of a riot, for the audience would no doubt arise in its wrath and storm the box-office for a return of the price of admission.

As a more wide-spread familiarity with and appreciation of photoplays grew up audiences became more critical, and the producers of motion-pictures were put to an exertion of greater efforts to please. In their desperation, brought about by their inability to secure enough story material, they turned to the dramatists, novelists and short-story writers—but these, instead of realizing that they were dealing with a new art, attempted to apply the principles of their own arts with exceedingly unsatisfactory results. As Arthur Stringer says:

"The author, as a rule, is not a reactionary. But any artist, immersed in his laboriously acquired technical dexterities, is averse to organic disturbance. A purely self-protective instinct prompts him to dislike anything that threatens his established methods, methods for which time has brought reverence and to which tradition has brought authority. But any art, no matter how intellectualized, is disturbingly dependent on the mechanical processes involved in its execution, and survives in a fixed form only so long as these processes are not supplanted by better ones.

THE PHOTOPLAY A NEW LANGUAGE

"THE most accomplished master of the clavichord, for instance, promptly went down before the invention of a piano-forte, and the introduction of the stage curtain just as promptly altered the format of the modern drama. Then along came photography. And man, the ever inventive, having achieved the miracle of sun-writing, has found it possible to supersede the old and laborious method of conveying an idea or telling a story. It took a good many centuries, it is true, to perfect that older art of relating things by means of the units of an alphabet combined into picture-suggesting groups—and it is only in so far as you are able to think fundamentally, to reach down to the biologic basis of things,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that you will realize how involved and unwieldy a process of mental expression man's slowly acquired gift of speech and language has remained. But by projecting upon a stretched cotton sheet images of himself in action, and in relation to his fellows and his backgrounds, a new and much more direct language has been brought into existence. It is a language, indeed, which even duplicates in its methods the processes of the human mind, since thought itself is a stream of 'pictures' with concentrated attention typified by the 'close-up' and memory represented by the 'cut-back.' And it is this new language, scarcely out of its baby lisp, that the fiction-writers of today are berating.

"If, as they protest, they despise the motion-picture, they do so very much as the hand-laborer of yesterday despised the spinning-jenny and the self-binder. It is contempt not untouched with fear, for in the movies this same fiction-writer beholds machinery conquering his old fields and mechanics putting the stamp of the obsolete on his old methods. The same upheaval came to the parchment embroiderer and the quill-driver with the invention of printing, just as it must have come still earlier with the evolution of written speech, and still earlier again with the first crude sign-language scratched with a walrus-tooth on a shell-face, and even before that with the organization of throat-grunts and brutish calls into some accepted form of speech.

" For, as I have already said, the motion-picture is more than a new art; it is a new language, a new method of expressing thought and communicating emotion. It is an amplified sign-language, the picture-talk of primitive man vitalized by movement and magnified to splendor. It is life itself, singled out and set in a frame."

FACE TO FACE WITH A NEW ART

WE become aware then that in the short space of twenty-two years, we have come face to face with an entirely new art, to which the rules of creating novels, short stories or plays for the speaking stage are not applicable.

Twenty-two years ago those of us who found it neces-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sary or desirable to transport ourselves across greater distances than those open to the practicability of pedestrianism, made use most frequently of horses or railroads. Today, many still employ these same means of transportation while other millions of us are using automobiles instead.

Twenty-two years ago we sought mental relaxation, entertainment and education from novels, magazines and the stage. So do we today—in addition to which many millions of us seek the same effects from motion-pictures. Horses are fed with hay, locomotives with coal, yet it would be an exceedingly facetious or a lamentably silly person who would attempt to operate an automobile on either hay or coal.

Publishing houses have long depended upon novels written by trained novelists for their final product. The theatre feeds on plays written by trained playwrights and the motion-picture, the great new art of today, must be supplied with *photoplays written by trained photoplaywrights.* Gasoline cannot be manufactured from either hay or coal. Photoplays cannot, except in rare instances, be successfully adapted from novels or stage plays. Yet in the attempt to do so lies one of the greatest weaknesses of motion-pictures.

In some cases the producers have not fully realized that the artistic photoplay must be just that—a photoplay—and not an adaptation from some other art. In other instances the producers have been possessed of a complete comprehension of this fact, but through a dearth of photoplays and photoplaywrights they have turned to novelists, short-story writers and the authors of stage plays, desperate for any sort of material they could lay their hands on.

Continuous and rapid production has been and is a condition difficult to cope with. A novel is usually published first as a magazine serial and later in book form, its circulation covering months or years. A successful stage production may run a full season or more in a metropolitan theatre and then be seen "on the road" and in stock for several years, but when a motion-picture is produced a large number of prints are made from the original negative and these copies are shown synchronistically in "first run" theatres through-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out the country. After a few weeks of second, third and fourth run appearances, these prints may be seen occasionally in the smaller and cheaper back-street houses and then are shelved and forgotten. This necessitates a constant flow of new productions from the studios which in turn depends upon an equally uninterrupted flow of photoplay manuscripts into the studios.

PHOTOPLAY-WRITING AN ART IN ITSELF

SO few individuals have really learned the art of photoplay construction that these few have been called upon to supply too great a number of stories. The result has frequently and quite naturally been a decrease in artistic quality.

In nine months I wrote over fifty photoplays which were produced, but this proves nothing much more than that I was imaginative, durable, familiar with photoplay technique and possessed of an easy running typewriter. Most of these photoplays were not of high artistic quality—no one can be an artist and a machine at the same time. Some of them would have been rejected had they been submitted from outside the studio. Why, then, was I paid a high salary for my services? Simply because I was one of a limited number of persons who had concentrated upon the study of photoplay-writing as a separate and distinct art. I laid aside what I knew of the art of printed fiction and specialized in the study and creation of photoplays—and the photoplays of the future must be created by others who do likewise.

Motion-picture producers are still buying novels, magazine stories and plays from the speaking stage for screen adaptation, but from motives of self-preservation rather than choice. Almost invariably original photoplays are given the preference provided they contain real screen values.

"ACTION" THE FUNDAMENTAL NECESSITY

OF course the great fundamental necessity is Action. We are forbidden the spoken word of the stage and the lengthy descriptions of written fiction. This and numerous other fundamentals must be completely mastered by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

student of the screen before he or she can expect to create salable, producible photoplays. It is a well established fact that seventy-five per cent. of published novels are utterly unsuited for motion-picture adaptation because they contain too little action and too much description. By the same token the greater number of stage successes contain too little action and depend too much upon bright dialogue.

Whatever limitations surround the technique of photoplay plot construction, however, are more than counter-balanced by the fact that the motion-picture director has the entire world for his stage. Instead of laboriously describing a sequence of scenes in Cairo, Calcutta or Cape Town as the novelist must do, or building canvas and papier-mache imitations of such scenes as the master of stage-craft does, he takes his camera to Cairo, Calcutta or Cape Town and reproduces these scenes from life. But a sequence of scenes does not make a photoplay. There must be human characterizations, dramatic situations, and a logical, plausible, interesting story which flows smoothly to a definite and inevitable climax. Above all there must be a theme—a big pulsing idea that strikes home to the hearts of humanity. The studious men and women possessed of imagination and creative ability, who learn to tell their stories in the language of the screen, regardless of the standards and theories of any other art, will be the successful photoplaywrights of the future.

THE TWILIGHT OF REMEMBERED THINGS

By L. D.

DAWN lit no flame
Within his gloomy eyes,
He sheltered from the noon,
Behind his garden wall.
He quivered in the twilight
Of remembered things,
Only through lost songs
His soul found wings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIG THINKERS ON THE LABOR PROBLEM

By ALFRED E. KEET

LABOR is sometimes an opportunist, seldom an economist. The excessive demand for more power is labor's opportunity; the high cost of living is a sound excuse for its increasing demands and "we want more and we're going to get it" is a slogan that has been mouthed by some blatant leaders of organized man power. Fortunately American labor as a whole does not share in this sort of defiance to all laws of order, supply and demand and economic principle.

The dollar is badly inflated; profiteers are abroad in the land, but mostly are nested along the highways of the retail trade,—the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker class of petty shopkeepers, to say nothing of those larger wholesalers who are disturbing the balance of the manufacturers.

Labor is the hour's problem, and it is receiving the attention of our ablest thinkers, our big business men and our statesmen.

Though the war is over, economically the world is still in a state of unrest, if not near chaos. The dangerous transition period has begun, and there are rumblings of mass threats. Labor has been active during the war in perfecting its after-war battle.

Since the war labor conditions and problems in our country have received an unexampled degree of governmental as well as private (capitalistic) attention. Many of our foremost captains of industry and financiers have been forced to work out practical plans for meeting labor half way, and consider mooted questions at the round table of arbitration.

That the workingman has not had a square deal is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opinion of Mr. Elbert Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, who says:

"The employe is justly entitled to fair and reasonable compensation. Of equal consequence are the safety and health, moral, mental and physical, of the employe and, so far as practicable, his family.

"The workmen ought to be offered opportunity to invest on favorable terms in the business inaugurated by the employer. This encourages throughtful attention and endeavor to economize and save. It makes the wage-earner an actual partner in the business with which he is associated; a real capitalist."

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., tersely crystallizes the new spirit abroad in the land as to Labor:

"I believe that labor and capital are partners, not enemies; that their interests are common interests, not opposed, and that neither can attain the fullest measure of prosperity at the expense of the other, but only in association with the other."

FORMULA FOR SOLVING LABOR QUESTIONS

MR. OTTO H. KAHN, the New York banker, pithily expresses his views and offers a formula:

"The principle on which all concerned should deal with the labor question appears to me plain. It is the principle of the Golden Rule. I think the formula should be that, first, labor is entitled to a living wage; after that, capital is entitled to a living wage; what is left over belongs to both capital and labor, in such proportion as fairness and equity and reason shall determine in all cases."

Mr. Kahn further thinks that in general right-thinking men of big capital and labor would concur in these points:

"The workman is neither a machine nor a commodity. He is a collaborator with capital. He must be given an effective voice in determining jointly with the employer the conditions under which he works. Individual capacity, industry and ambition must receive encouragement and recognition.

"The workers' living conditions must be made dignified and attractive to himself and his family. Nothing is of greater importance.

"The worker must be relieved of the dread of sickness, unemployment and old age.

"The worker must receive a wage which not only permits him to keep body and soul together, but to lay something by.

"Labor, on the other hand, must realize that high wages can only be maintained if high production is maintained. The restriction of production is a sinister and harmful fallacy, most of all in its effect on labor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The advent of the machine period in industry brought about a fundamental and violent dislocation of the relationship which had grown up through hundreds of years between employer and employee. The result has been a grave and long continued maladjustment. In consequence of it for a long period in the past, it must be admitted, unfortunately, labor did not secure a square deal, and society failed to do anything like its full duty by labor. But more and more of recent years, the conscience and thought of the world have awakened to a recognition of the rights of the working people.

"We have often heard it said recently that the rulership of the world will henceforth belong to labor. But the rulership of the world will and ought to belong to no one class, neither to labor nor to capital nor to any other class. It will of right and in fact, belong to those of all classes who acquire title to it by talent, hard work, self-discipline, character and service."

WHAT LABOR WANTS

MR. GOMPERS, president of the American Federation of Labor, has announced Labor's Program as,

"In right and in fact the labor of a human being should not be treated as merchandise or an article of commerce.

"Employers and workers should be allowed the right of association for all lawful purposes.

"No child should be permitted to be employed in industry or commerce before the age of fourteen years, in order that every child may be insured reasonable opportunity for mental and physical education.

"Every worker has a right to a wage adequate to maintain a reasonable standard of life having regard to the civilization of his age, time and country.

"Equal pay should be given to women and to men for work of equal value in quantity and quality.

"A weekly rest, including Sunday, or its equivalent, for all workers.

"Limitation of the hours of work in industry on the basis of eight hours a day, or forty-eight hours a week, subject to an exception for countries in which climatic conditions, the imperfect development of industrial organization or other special circumstances render the industrial efficiency of the workers substantially different.

"In all matters concerning their status as workers and social insurance foreign workmen lawfully admitted to any country and their families should be insured the same treatment as the nationals of that country.

"All states should institute a system of inspection in which women should take part, in order to insure the enforcement of the laws and regulations for the protection of the workers."

That Mr. Gompers also has decided views on Bolshevism is evident:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In theory Bolshevism is an impossibility. In fact, if it were put into operation, or could be put into operation, it would mean the decadence or perversion of the civilization of our time. To me the story of the desperate Samson who pulled the Temple down on his head is an example of what is meant by Bolshevism. I am not willing that all of the genius of past ages should be flung to the winds. And I am not willing that the little service that I may have been able to render during the long years that I have attempted to improve conditions in a constructive way should be destroyed by maddened desperation. And so I may say to you that it is well for us to see now that our own house is kept in order."

HEARTLESS CAPITAL CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE

MR. JOHN H. PATTERSON, one of our foremost industrial humanitarians, recently declared that:

"It is the heartlessness of some capitalists regardless of any consideration of their employees that is causing all the trouble. There are nine workmen to every capitalist, and labor will have the power to divide the profits through making laws in Congress, and until the idle rich stop flaunting their wealth before the people we are going to have more and more trouble. Let us repent and stop doing the things which will goad the poor people on to hating and destroying the rich."

Premier Lloyd George, in receiving a British Labor deputation recently that presented somewhat bold demands, said:

"I am not afraid of the audacity of these demands. Don't be thinking of getting back to where you were before the war. Get a really new world. I believe the settlement after the war will succeed in proportion to its audacity.

"If I were adviser to the working class I should say to it, 'Audacity is the thing for you.'"

How far should government go in restraining or directing individual or corporate enterprise and industry? Replying to this question Hon. John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency, asks:

"Is it healthy, and should it, for example, be left to the determination of any gigantic corporation, possessing the capacity to manufacture one-half of the total production of essential materials of universal need and use to close down at will one-half or all of its works and throw hundreds of thousands of its workmen out of employment simply because that corporation may be unwilling to sell its products on a basis of a moderate profit, but demands the maintenance of a price schedule sufficient to produce earnings on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capital from 100 to 500 per cent above the dividend rate paid before the war?

"Would it be right . . . for the great factories manufacturing cotton and wool to close down or curtail their operations in order to create a scarcity of cloth? . . . Would the manufacturers of shoes and hats be justified in so curtailing production as to deprive thousands of honest men of their employment and by raising prices require women and children to wear old shoes or go half shod solely because of the corporations' unwillingness to relax or reduce the profits rather than accept a fair and moderate return on their capital and by doing so keep their men fully employed at living wages?"

BOLSHEVISM MEANS CLASS DICTATORSHIP

THE Bolshevist attempt to autocratize Labor is thus commented upon by Hon. William B. Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Labor:

"I do not fear Bolshevism securing a foothold among the workers of the United States.

"The philosophy of the American government is based on the theory that all men subjected to the government of the United States shall have a voice in describing what that government shall be.

"Bolshevism, as it is understood in Russia, is the exact antithesis of this—it means the dictatorship of the individual, or at most, the few, behind which is the purpose of introducing compulsory labor, goaded to a higher speed by the introduction of the Taylor system under the direction of an individual dictatorship.

"When the founders of the Republic established the daring experiment in government which we have here, it was for the purpose of recognizing the struggle which had been in progress for hundreds of years and which had as its objective the participation of all in the making of the laws under which all should live.

"It is clear this is not the philosophy of the Russian Bolshevists. The will of the majority is as objectionable to them as it was to the Kaiser or the Tsar. It establishes a dictatorship on the plea that the autocrat knows better what is best for the people than they themselves know. It sets up a close dictatorship which demands obligatory labor service. The worker sacrifices his own free will. Whether he likes his employment or not—whatever may be his desire to move, he cannot do so, without permission of the dictator. He cannot change the conditions of his employment, he must not quit, because of the merciless 'dictatorship of individuals for definite processes of work.'

"This dictatorship would control the courts which are to be used as a means of discipline that will consider responsibility for the 'pangs of famine and unemployment to be visited upon those who fail to produce bread for men and fuel for industry.'

"The public press is to be systematically repressed or controlled. Nothing is to reach the attention of the masses except

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that which has been prepared for them. This is a wild scheme of autocracy based on the assumption of superior knowledge on the part of those who exercise it. It destroys liberty and initiative and is aimed at the very fundamental principles of free, self government."

The economist, John Graham Brooks, formerly of the Harvard Faculty, fears that:

"In the lurch toward State socialism as a result of the war the laborer got some dangerous ideas because they are true. He got the idea that the big-wig diplomats, the capitalists and the intellectuals of which I am a member did not adequately represent him. I see clearly that we diplomats, capitalists or intellectuals have got to fight for our lives to have any influence at all.

"Labor says to us, 'We don't like you and don't believe in you. You have proved your incompetence. We are going to try our hand at it.' Oh, they will bungle it horribly. They will make frightful mistakes. But you people here have got to learn to live a good deal more simply than usual, for things have changed.

"Labor talks of distributing wealth. When wealth is produced, it is easy. But labor has shown no capacity for this except in one instance. We democrats who stand with President Wilson talk about democratizing the Government of the world. We must democratize industry, we must democratize international finance."

A FEDERAL INDUSTRIAL BOARD NEEDED

DISCUSSING the readjustment of industrial relations, Mr. E. J. Barcalo, of Buffalo, First Vice-President and former President of the Associated Manufacturers and Merchants of New York State, offers the suggestion:

"That under the auspices of the Federal Government, a Board be created composed of an equal number of manufacturers and representatives of workers in trades connected with manufacturing, all to possess certain qualifications, but each capable of stripping himself of every prejudice, whose duty it shall be to meet and consider those matters which are comprehended in the term 'industrial relations,' and which have caused what we know as industrial unrest in an effort to compose those differences which have grown up, but which are not necessarily a part of wages, yet do make the wage problem more difficult of solution; and to study the general subject of wages, or the so-called cost of living, and further, that the public, made up largely of the workers themselves, may, through the increased purchasing value of the dollar, be able to obtain more of the things they desire."

A large British employer of labor, Lord Leverhulme,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has very advanced ideas. He wants a six-hour day with high wages and co-partnership—not from philanthropic motives, but on good, shrewd business principles which he recently explained. One of these is that England's most formidable competitor is not the low-wage Oriental country, but the high-wage Occidental country, like the United States. Incidentally, he is not in the least disturbed by revolutionary portents.

Bethlehem's president, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, declares that we must devise ways and means by which capital and labor shall share equally, not in theory, but in practice. Ex-Governor Hughes, like Mr. Rockefeller, warmly advocates co-operation in industry as a condition precedent to prosperity; the Guaranty Trust Company's president, Mr. Charles H. Sabin, warns Labor against attempts to establish a labor autocracy, while Mr. Vanderlip says that what we must try to do is to so "organize industry that labor will produce enough so that it will earn what it is getting."

Meanwhile the progressive Motor King of Detroit, Henry Ford, announces a minimum wage for his 30,000 employees of $7.00 a day "as a reward to the men who remained loyal to the company during the war period," and after the reorganization of his concern it will also be possible for his employes to share in dividends.

The men responsible for the foregoing ideas and opinions are men of international reputation, and the outstanding remedies for industrial unrest advocated—shorter hours, higher wages, better treatment for the worker (male, female and juvenile), profit-sharing or partnership, co-operation, and world-wide democratization of industry—are significant signs of the changing times.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PRIMA-DONNA'S STORY

In Which It Is Revealed That Happiness Is Not The Reward Of Fame

By MARIA BARRIENTOS

IMAGINE yourself a celebrity, and then you will understand why it is difficult to explain. The reward of fame is given to so few, among the many who deserve it. When I look back on the dividing lines of this celebrity, I can see two outstanding events,—my success as a prima-donna, my success as a woman.

My career in opera came to me in the predestined miracle of Nature—I was a child prodigy. At nine years old I was teaching other children how to sing the scales. This was of course in a kindergarten class of the conservatory of music in Barcelona. It was an unusual honor, which I scarcely realized at the time. I suppose because I did have an unusual voice, and could sing the scales better than the other children, I became the leader of the class. At nine years old one can be very self-contained, very executive, very serious. My little son who is now nine years old possesses many of these qualities; he is like a small man, small in stature but very alert and important and clever.

At the age of thirteen I sang the rôle of " L'Africaine " in Grand Opera in Barcelona. We can never see ourselves distinctly in the far perspective of childhood, the importance of being a child is one of the forgotten glories of life. Like happiness, it is taken from us by the world we live in. The sketch of this child prodigy, therefore, may be indistinct.

I was no fairy-story child, no one to look at me would have expected me to turn into a celebrated prima-donna. To begin with, I was a poor little girl. Not a *Cinderella,* because I could never sweep the floor or polish the kettles or cook the bacon. I was an odd, dreamy, silent little bit of girl, whom the gods must have made sport of, for I was neither

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pretty, plump, nor very smiling. But I was no doubt an aristocrat in art. In Spain we have preserved a national identity that is unique, we have an aristocracy that does not depend upon money, nor upon blue blood. Spain is the land of universal chivalry, the flower-garden of romance that will not die. In a general way, one might say that all Spanish women are inspired by the romantic impulses of this national trait. Long after I had left Spain, when I was traveling in a great world beyond the frontiers of my home, I discovered this, because, in the experiences of other countries, I found that the aristocratic forces were chiefly those of worldly power, whereas in Spain the patrician instinct is among all classes.

Not that this tiny, thin little prodigy I was once could possibly have given any outward promise of being a fairy princess. I was rather misunderstood by my family, too, who loved me so much that they could not understand. My home was a modest place, money was not plentiful, yet I was dreaming, dreaming, dreaming. My home was like a great many other homes all over the world. I was not spoiled, although I was spared a good deal of the housework which usually falls to the lot of the smaller girls in a household of moderate circumstances. There was always a feeling that I was difficult. I loved my mother and I would have done anything to please her, but there was a constant pressure put upon me to make me go to school, and I didn't want to. As far as I can remember, my dreams had nothing to do with great riches, I had no expectations of that. I only wanted to be left alone, not to do as everyone else did, and to enjoy in secret a certain confidence that all would come right with me.

MY CHILDHOOD DREAMS AND AMBITIONS

I COULDN'T tell them, if they asked me, why I was not interested in sewing and dusting and cooking. So, sometimes they were impatient with me, proud of my ambitions, but skeptical, and they put it down to the fact that I was a delicate child. It was my health—that was it. If I had been more robust, more brilliant to look at,—well, they said, let her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dream, some day perhaps she would grow strong and then—then, she would become interested in the useful things of her home. They believed I had talent, exceptional talent, but there was sadness in the truth of this, for it often happens that children who were too brilliant were like a thin flame that might blow out unexpectedly.

Of course, these were not my thoughts. I was happy when I could listen to music. I was happy, too, when I could pick flowers, or walk in the garden, or imagine stories of my own that I couldn't write. As I am trying to remember what this little girl thought about chiefly, I think she would rather have been a painter or a writer. Writing is a great art that she never reached. However, dreams were only incidental experiences of my soul, for I found myself learning to play the piano when I was a little over five, and exploring the violin a year or so later. It must have been amazing to see how rapidly I learned, how easily I mastered the magic of music. I must have been an impressionable child, too, for I used to hide behind doors to listen so that I could be alone with the mysterious experience music was to me.

There was a celebrated organist in Barcelona, a rich, talented, famous man, who must have seen something of a white flame which hovered over me. Finally my family yielded to his suggestion that I attend the Conservatory of Music. For a long time I left home regularly every morning for the conservatory. When I got there I would hide behind the doors of a class-room and listen, learning everything, unseen by the other pupils. Finally one day a teacher called on my parents and inquired why I had not attended the classes. My mother was astonished. Had I not been there? No, I had never been seen there. Then I had to confess that I had been learning by myself, just outside the class-room. There was no escape after that.

In time I found myself the pride of the conservatory, a remarkable child prodigy of music. To be sure, singing had been a part of the courses, but I was not planning for any great expectations with my voice. No, I was going to be a pianist, a violinist, a composer, perhaps, something quite

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wonderful,—if the flame of my ambition did not burn out.

PENALTY OF BEING A CHILD PRODIGY

POOR little me! Of course I never thought of such a thing myself. I was too busy exploring the brilliant opportunities of my career in music. Finally, I reached the first dividing line, the barrier that loomed up in front of my vision of the future, that wholly obscured, temporarily, the vista of great ambitions.

Yes, they were whispering about my health again. I was growing thinner, I was shrinking in the glare of my ambitions. Perhaps I had been working too hard, my mind had been too active. I was confronted with the penalty of being a child prodigy. This may be a problem of the spirit that will some day be explained, this strange blight that sometimes seizes little bodies with strong souls.

Well, something had to be done. There seemed to be something the matter with me, some little demon was grinning at me in my chest where it had settled with hideous arrogance. Something was done. I was taught singing. Everyone agreed that it would be the best thing for me. I would grow strong. I would displace that persistent demon in my chest.

Perhaps, now, you can see that I was always a woman, a grown-up long before it is usual. When children are delicate it is because they have inherited the wisdom of some alien spirit that has possessed them. Of course, theories are useless, but I am inclined to think that there was in me the destiny of some other soul, that was caught in me. Consider that nowhere in my family, by no stretch of imagination into the history of my ancestors, was there any reason for my ultimate celebrity as a prima-donna. The voice had been placed by natural laws that no one could ever explain, in my throat. Then, there was a surprising aptitude to music, a temperament that absorbed it, and a certain joy in the proof of these phenomena. Certainly there was no golden trail that Destiny laid down for me. The Fates spread no royal carpet for me as I approached the gateway to my career. My teachers were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proud of me, and I, being a child, shared the wonder of my experience with them.

With the rapid development of my vocal studies, also came a new form of expression to my temperament. Instrumental music exhausts the drama of one's temperament much more than singing. At the piano, the artist is in a state of emotional repression; the heart, the soul, paint their dream with the tips of the fingers. The violin also is the wail of a temperament seeking to escape its bondage. But the voice,—it is the greatest abandon of poetry and emotion in life. One must have temperament to succeed in music. Temperament is that mysterious fluid of feeling that electrifies the imagination. Children have it in that degree of intensity perhaps that makes them delicate, that gives them that wistful air of indescribable innocence, an innocence that makes grown-ups feel ashamed for having lost it.

IMPRESSIONS OF MY OWN SUCCESS

AS I recall my impressions of my own success, my wonderment at my own progress, they were those of a child. I remember the day that my teacher took me to the great opera house in Barcelona, to sing for the conductor. I was a very small, unimpressive little girl, somewhat lost in the cavernous darkness of the great stage, but my teacher was very proud and very jealous of my ability. My voice must have been unusually good even then, to challenge the opinions of the great orchestra leader of the fashionable opera house. He was not impressed, and said to the teacher, "I do not like her voice, I don't care for it." Some years later, when I had grown to be a young woman of nineteen or twenty, and of some celebrity, I was selected as the prima-donna for the performance in honor of the coronation of the King of Spain. The conductor of that performance was the same man who had refused to believe in little Maria. As I appeared for a preliminary rehearsal, I said to the conductor: "You do not remember me. I am the Maria Barrientos who sang for you some years ago." He declined to remember, very gracefully, but very positively; he denied that he ever refused to appreciate so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great a singer. Such experiences are not uncommon, the artist becomes great in the eyes of the world long after true greatness has been achieved. It is interesting to be a celebrity because one obtains such an interesting viewpoint of human nature.

MY DEBUT IN GRAND OPERA

BEFORE I leave the destiny of the child prodigy, this indistinct sketch that I have tried to make, there came the dividing line when I was thirteen years old that made me realize I was going to live and make a great deal of money with which to make my family happy. There came to Barcelona a company of Grand Opera singers who had had bad luck. They appeared in a repertoire at another theatre in opposition to the regular opera company. They failed, and concluded to give a few performances on the co-operative plan to get some money. My teacher, never having forgotten the rebuff his little pupil had received from the celebrated conductor, went to this company and offered my services for nothing. I was fairly well known in Barcelona, and when my name was announced to appear in the opera of "L'Africaine," there was a great deal of local interest. To me the adventure was that of a child. I thought it was very wonderful to be able to put my hair up, to wear a long dress, it was little more than what private theatricals might mean to any child. My success was very great, the company made a great deal of money, and everybody was happy. From that time it has been my privilege to earn a great deal of money, to travel all over the world with my mother, to receive the flattery, the ovation, the success of a celebrated singer. I am often asked about the romance which the life of a prima-donna seems to inspire in the minds of those who do not realize what a hard-working career it is.

To begin with, singing has restored my health, that has been one of the great blessings of my career. The rest has been given me—the voice, the temperament, the ability. Being quite practical, I have always kept my head. That, also, is an important gift, for the opera house is not a place for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the woman who is not sure of herself. Some have told me that I keep my head too well. Perhaps that is because the theatre is the place where a woman can lose her head, especially in the opera houses, where the idler who has money enough likes to idle with pretty women. Of course, he is everywhere, but he prefers a woman who, by public opinion, appears to be exalted, the woman who is talented—the temperamental, poetic types. He often finds them in opera, the hot-house of exotics. Unquestionably, the theatre is an experience that is different from any other to a woman with imagination. As man is the problem in so many women's lives, perhaps I realized the need of solving it early in my life.

To pick out people here and there, among the great personalities of the world I have met in the course of my career as a prima-donna, would be too personal and intimate in criticism for me to mention. Perhaps I am critical, but I may say that among the royal figures for whom I have been "commanded to appear" there have been no very impressive people. Kings lose their fiction of royalty when they shake hands with you. Queens are inclined to be less beautiful than they are reputed to be. The aristocracy of princes is largely in the hands of the men who make their uniforms, not in a divine measurement of their souls. King Alfonso XIII of Spain, as everyone knows, is a very democratic monarch who does not allow the tassels of his royal mantle to interfere with the spurs on his boots. He is perhaps the most human of royalties I have seen.

ALL MEN ARE ALIKE

I BELIEVE that all men are alike, men of genius, or men without it. I have met the great composers, who, with their extraordinary imaginative gifts, appear to be divinely made, but who, in their private identities, are far from divine. The man of genius is to be avoided. The faults of his sex are exaggerated by the fire of his genius, and frequently his personality is impossible. In this connection one thinks of the great modern composers, such as Mascagni, Puccini, Massenet, Leoncavello, contemporary figures in Grand Opera.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They are very helpful and inspiring to the young prima-donna, susceptible to the budding period of the prima-donna blossom. They have a delightful appreciation of artistic beauty in young women, and without them of course there would be no prima-donnas, but, they are by no means gods, they are masters in the school of music, but not masters in the school of life. The woman in Grand Opera is frequently confronted by the man whose Latin traditions have given him a viewpoint towards women that is undesirable. One meets the man in opera who believes that, unless he makes love to you, in the third sentence of your acquaintance, he is not doing his duty as a man. Personally, my home is very remote from the theatre. I meet my comrades in the opera house as other women meet the men who work alongside of them in other professions. I have spent most of my time in traveling, and I have encountered all sorts and conditions of people. It so happens that I am religious, that I have very fixed ideas about the Church. These govern the greater part of my life as a woman. I have had no great struggles with poverty; my success has enabled me to help those I love, and to help those I could.

AM I HAPPY?

I BELIEVE that happiness, complete soul happiness, is impossible to man or woman. In the sense that I find myself well off in worldly goods, that I have my mother with me, that I am well and not more burdened with the anxieties of the hour than other men and women, I suppose I am happy. Any woman who has had the battle which success in opera compels, has had to darn the holes in her illusions. The career of an artist is strewn with flowers that have dried up, with green laurel wreaths that have shrivelled. In every woman's heart there are bleak places. I was told the other day by the manager of the opera company that I was the most fortunate of prima-donnas, that the gateway of my career was opened wide for me when I was born. This is true. Never were the fates more propitious for the career of a celebrity than they have been for me. Perhaps my idea of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happiness is unattainable. Frequently I am told that I am too proud, too haughty, and yet, with my intimate friends, with those people who are understandable in their friendliness and sensibility for me, I am like a child. It is necessary to have reserve in the theatre, otherwise there creeps over the threshold of your heart undesirable influences. My greatest happiness is to consider the future of my son. He is only nine years old, but he speaks four languages, and he is my protector. He has no interest in music, he has no gifts that way. At present he dreams of being an engineer. I shall be happy if he grows up to be a useful, independent, honest man, who can earn a living for himself. This is the greatest happiness to me, and the fact that my mother is near me.

As the sweet air of Spring comes over the world, and I realize that I am about to have the first vacation I have been able to enjoy in four years, I have something to look forward to. In a sense, the outlook means happiness. First, I am going to Paris, where I shall buy clothes; then I am going to enjoy a motor trip through those parts of Spain that I have never seen. It will be two months of adventure full of poetry and charm. Madrid, Barcelona, and cities of that size are not Spain, they are merely the modern cities like all the others.

I have no great beauty to boast of, many illusions of youth are still with me, and if I am asked if happiness is the reward of my celebrity as prima-donna I should say yes and no. I have succeeded in my public career, though I may have failed to reach the ideal of happiness which I have said is unattainable. I hope I may be permitted to sing till I am seventy—but not on the stage. That would be an infliction I should wish to spare my audiences. I look forward to a long life in the career of prima-donna, to the complete happiness of a grown-up son of whom I am proud, to the enjoyment of literature and art that inspire one's spiritual ambition. It is not my celebrity that makes me happy—but the things I am able to do for those I love because of it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL PSYCHOLOGY OF THE WAR

II—Unfolding of the National Drama

By HON. LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN

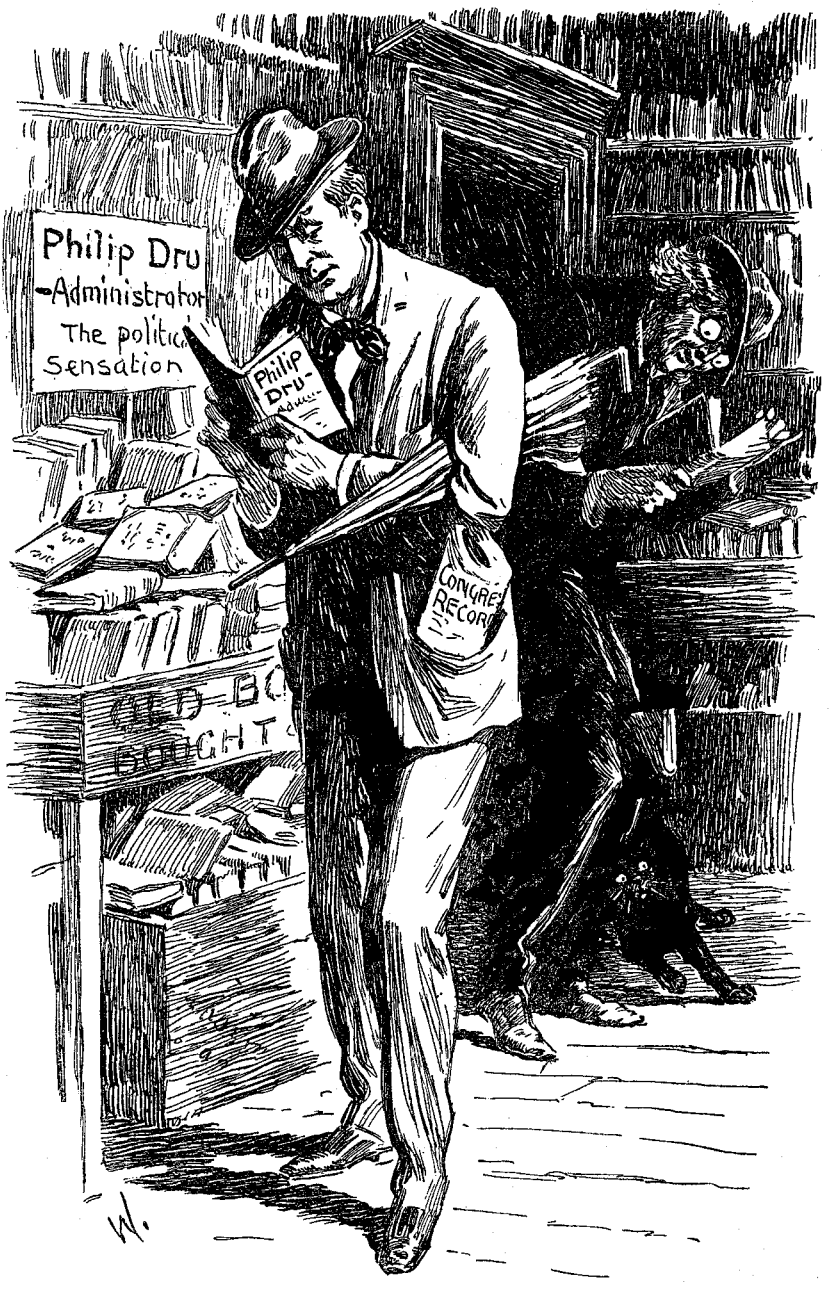
EDITOR'S NOTE: *In this article the Senator from Illinois creates a new character in politics, he becomes the Sherlock Holmes of a case called Democracy. It is a dramatic analysis of the inscrutable policies of Colonel House. It includes Senator Sherman's deductions of the influence of a political novel, "Phillip Dru, Administrator" on the White House.*

WHEN I was a country lawyer in Illinois, I had no detective force to help me. I had to be my own detective, I had to go after my own witnesses, I had to penetrate the mask of delinquent character in the interest of public morals, by examining, divining, analyzing human motive. In this way the habit of tracing the personal elements of private ambition, of revenge, or power in the minds of others became a legal asset. For that matter, there are only two vital private purposes in American life, money-making or farming. I was a farmer as well as a lawyer, weather-wise by necessity. Therefore, in watching the stupendous production of the national drama called "For the Safety of Democracy," I have had a curious attitude of mind toward it.

The drama is not entirely over. We have so far been favored with a synopsis of the last Act, only. However, having witnessed the first two Acts involving the terrific climax of war, and the suspended climax of peace, the last Act may need rewriting before it is passed by Congressional censorship. That is an issue to be taken up in a subsequent chapter.

If I were a dramatic critic, one of those fellows who has the gift of theatrical perception, I should say that the entire drama resembles an anonymous novel, published modestly about 1911, called "Phillip Dru, Administrator." Few people in this great country, perhaps, realize that there existed such a classic of romantic fiction, and certainly few

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Senator Sherman Discovers the Basis of Political Morality

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of them realized that it would become the basis of political morality among them. In this romance I have found the plot and passion of a safe democracy. As to the success of the novel, there is some doubt; as to the success of its purpose there is no doubt whatever.

A GLITTERING MENACE CONFRONTING US

WE are today confronted with the glittering menace of being a nation converted to a government based on fiction. As fiction it is conventional, rather than material; as political nourishment it has become a sort of breakfast food for home consumption. It has outclassed any other political fodder in this respect, that it is sweetened, wholesomely prepared, ready cooked, toothsome to the young, comforting to the toothless. It costs nothing to get it in small or large quantities. Already babies cry for it, strong men swallow it, cripples and sick folks thrive on it. It is a fiction describing the safety of democracy that has created a new theme of national importance, the theme of political morality.

"Phillip Dru, Administrator," in spite of a vastly inferior intellectuality, belongs to that class of political rebellion in fiction that created the fame of Karl Marx, of Rabelais, of Le Sage, of Cervantes. It is the American "Don Quixote" without the imaginative splendor of satirical purpose, in the Spanish hero's character. *Phillip Dru,* like the anonymous author, took himself seriously. So did *Don Quixote,* but the author knew him better than he knew himself.

I wish it were possible, in the analysis of this amazing theme of the drama, "For the Safety of Democracy," to assemble those four brilliant literary crusaders, Karl Marx, Rabelais, Cervantes and Le Sage, to write a critical review of it. Karl Marx would have pointed to the magnificent humanitarian lesson of the gospel of socialism it revealed. Rabelais would have blasphemed the religious perils of the dramatic scheme. Le Sage would have pierced its shallow altruisms of an impossible government theory with the inimitable, easy, smiling grace of satirical style. Cervantes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have adorned the chivalries of its fictional principles with the comic knighthood of a leader tilting at windmills with an unwieldy lance.

No such service to the country is possible, however. We are in a dull, timid, intellectual period, in spite of our vaunted radicalism and our high-sounding measures of modernity. In their day, politics was a thing of fire and blood, instead of what it is now, a thing of anaemic private ambitions and smooth wall-paper motto. The days of pink teas are upon us, with the soda-fountain as a gossip center for political morality.

THE HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY IN NATIONAL AFFAIRS

BEHIND all important matters in national affairs, there is a strange complex human psychology. It is behind the policies that have been trying to make the world safe for democracy, which began as far back as 1911, when the soft impeachment of the Constitution framed in Philadelphia by the wisest American statesmen ever born, was launched in their poorly written, badly constructed novel, "Phillip Dru, Administrator." In this criticism I am borne out by the author, or authors, who have admitted, through their socialistic publishers, that the book was only worthy of an anonymous, posthumous fame.

It has been commonly assumed that the author of this novel is Col. Edward M. House of Austin, Texas. The accusation has not been denied. My own proof of this fact was confirmed by the usual legal method of personal investigation. The evidence from libraries is convincing.

Certain Texas friends of the author, pleasantly placed in Washington, I understand, have in their possession copies of this book, autographed by the author. Such is the rumor. Personally, I recognize in its literary style certain resemblances to a famous scholar, whose statesmanship is pursuing the advice and the standards of government proclaimed in this novel. Circumstantially, I think we can assume that Colonel House is the author. Those who have not read "Phillip Dru" need not do so, for they will find its plot trans-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ferred to the drama of "For the Safety of Democracy." At any rate, in its pages rests the psychology of political morality.

I surmise that it began in this way. In 1911, there was fulminating in the consciousness of the author, in his remote and placid life of a gentleman of leisure in his home in Texas, a desire for power. Power in the human heart and mind is not so admirable a trait of character as it is purported to be. Its elements are those of the egotist, elements of subtlety, of private ambition, of a splendor of intrigue for diplomatic control of men, or money, or other countries, or all peoples. Abraham Lincoln had a better impulse for human power than its political uses. He stood for the broad unity of the United States. George Washington had a better conception of the responsibilities of human power, when he interpreted the wisdom of his soul in the Declaration of Independence.

COLONEL HOUSE'S SECRET EXPECTATIONS

THESE were not the impulses of power that were occupying the secret expectations of the heart and brain of Colonel House of Texas, in 1911, when he went to New York and selected the late Mayor William Gaynor as a possible candidate for the President of the United States. Since it has always been impossible for any man from a Southern State to obtain this great gift of the people, he could not himself aspire to the candidacy, but, with the formidable wisdom commonly supposed to be inherited, (by men who have it,) from the sphinx, the Colonel knew that he could line up the Southern States by a certain political manipulation for that great office. Naturally, he selected a Northern man.

Now, it will be remembered that Mayor Gaynor was a man of considerable intellectual force, of odd political contrasts in his official acts, altogether a man who might be susceptible to such humanitarian gospel as that of "Phillip Dru." Colonel House extended Mayor Gaynor an invitation to come down South, ostensibly to attend the State Fair

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Texas, but actually to address the Texas legislature. Mayor Gaynor accepted, and Colonel House returned to his own State and induced the legislature of Texas to pass a resolution inviting Mayor Gaynor to make a speech before them. This event was scheduled to be a political skyrocket shot across the country that would proclaim Mayor Gaynor's candidacy for President of the United States. A similar plan of Texas fireworks was later successfully operated for a winning candidate. Unfortunately, Mayor Gaynor was a man of strange political habits, which have redounded to his credit, and he forgot all about the invitation to address the Texas legislature. Colonel House, astounded at this extraordinary political neglect, wrote to him, but received no answer. There was something wrong with Gaynor's political psychology, it wouldn't function according to the expectations of the Texas sphinx. So, when he returned North, he hopped across the river from New York into New Jersey and secured the attention of the then Governor of the State, Woodrow Wilson. According to Colonel House's published declaration, these two men were rushed together by an attraction of intellectual gravity that has never been able to separate them since. There is not the space in this brief review to introduce all the high lights which illuminate the remarkable affection of these two men for each other.

MORE THAN POLITICAL AUDACITY

ACCORDING to the political game, the rules of which are as old as those of Dr. Hoyle in whist, the traditional route to the White House had always been *via* Albany, N. Y., not *via* Trenton, N. J. There was more than political audacity to begin with in these plans for power of Colonel House.

Perhaps nature, fate, the stars, or some other indefinite but mysterious cause had prepared these two men for their great work on earth. At any rate, there developed between them a co-ordination of wisdom, a mutuality of dream-power, an understanding of socialistic principles for the up-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lift of the world that culminated in this daring thesis of a vast world republic. All this was embodied in the glowing preamble of a definite governmental reaction in the fictional character of *Phillip Dru.* Men have written purpose novels before, but no novel has ever been written with such brilliant precision of political forecast as this one. Because of inadequate presentation, because the author misjudged the limitation of his gift as a novelist, it did not become a best seller. But, in its pages, the recumbent policies that have since come into National life in the name of a world being "safe for Democracy," lie hidden.

The motive of this so-called democratic humanity has been amply fulfilled by the author, or authors, one of whom has silently wielded the power he coveted, and the other has justified the confidence imposed in him by his active collaboration. If the national issues they have projected in their theme of political morality were born of deep sincerity of belief, there would still be a consideration before the American people of their practical advantage. True sincerity has the substance of unselfishness to confirm its acts, and personal power is a suspicious ingredient.

Briefly, this is the psychology of power in the collaboration of our national drama, that has been conceived of a political character such as I have outlined. The two dominant, directing minds of this hybrid monarchical republic in which we have been living, have successfully retained their collaboration which began, as novelists, in New Jersey about 1911. The novel itself was inoculated into the lives and expectation of American citizenship, when the President delivered his literary classic, the War Message, before Congress. Invisible, but potent, was his collaborative genius, Colonel House, who by this time had secured three Cabinet offices for three men who lived in the same district, in the City of Austin, Texas, as he did himself.

SOCIALISM RECHRISTENED

ONE can imagine, when the American people, who had been tugging at the obstinate leash of neutrality, leaped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as one man to the defense of country, how the final chapters of "Phillip Dru, Administrator" were thumbed over again. At last, the power of dictatorship, as outlined in the novel, was within grasp, without losing a particle of the socialistic principles advanced in the novel as the necessity of that dictatorship.

Socialism, in its heartiest, most expansive impulse was rechristened. It was called the Great Cause of Making the World Safe for Democracy. But, the American soldiers who appeared to obey the dictatorship were actuated by the higher principles that have become a tradition of this great republic, the principles of self-defense against an enemy that had openly threatened us, that was the inspiring impulse of that wonderful demonstration of courage, heroism, and sacrifice. We did not risk our lives, our money, our strength for the safety of Democracy, but for the safety of our homes and our national honor. The whole purpose of the war was defense against the Hun. Clemenceau was not fighting for the safety of Democracy, nor Lloyd George, nor Haig, nor Foch, nor Belgium, nor Italy. Nor was the United States in the fight for any other principle but self-defense, the individual right of all human beings who are not politically warped by a passion for personal power.

"The War," the first Act of this national drama, did not appear to be the political spectacle it really was. Congress, solidly Democratic in its support of the Democratic leader, solidly Republican in its support of all and every measure that would sustain the prestige of the National honor in war, was unanimous in its assumption that the official head of the Government should have anything and everything he asked for. I voted for war measures in Congress that I would not dream of voting for now. These were the highest tributes of our Americanism that any Congress has ever paid to a President of the United States, whose political jealousies of Republican candidates during the election of 1916 were openly and bitterly exploited.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GLORIOUS EXTRAVAGANCE

AS a spectacle of supreme indifference to cost, of entire indifference to National economy of private privilege, wealth or life itself the first Act of the drama "For the Safety of Democracy" was a glorious extravagance. No one has regretted the cost, the price of victory is always high and beyond estimate or bargaining, so, when the curtain fell at the end of the first act of the war on the signing of the armistice the national audience cheered hysterically.

During the intermission we are enjoying, there is perplexity of feeling. The program of the second Act, "the Peace Conference," promised the astounding purpose of the President's visit to the crowned heads of our victorious Allies. Some were jealous of the triumphant outcome diplomatic custom would prepare for the American monarch. Others feared a violation of Constitutional traditions in this innovation of a President leaving his own country to face its internal problems without head or tail to the national body politic. There were differences of opinion as to the propriety of the President's appearance on foreign soil, in the second Act of the drama.

But, like *Phillip Dru* whom Colonel House had drawn as a figure of supreme statesmanship, whose inspiring, if somewhat egotistic self-confidence was set upon being the hero of the novel, the second Act of the drama becomes a portrayal of political morality that must be preserved in spite of the American Constitution. The author of the novel from which the drama "For the Safety of Democracy" was written, himself went to Paris to set the stage for the drama, to see that the white calcium of high political tension and ideals should be focused properly upon the heroic figure of the political idealist.

In the next chapter I shall endeavor to analyze the political significance of the author of "Phillip Dru, Administrator" to the second Act of the National drama. It is based on the political ideas of his novel, and describes the political persuasion and conflicts of "The Peace Conference" in its relation to the United States.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LABOR IN POLITICS

Its Political Influence in New England

By HON. DAVID I. WALSH

[U. S. SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS]

I AM not among those who expect to see in the near future a national Labor Party, and still less do I apprehend any social or political menace in this country from organized labor, for I think that the history of labor-reform legislation in Massachusetts, and I believe in the nation as a whole, has satisfied the great mass of our wage-earners that the non-partisan plan on which the American Federation of Labor has acted hitherto is far more effective than any third-party organization could ever hope to be.

It is true that politics and politicians have been under suspicion so long that a few impatient wage-earners in Massachusetts, as elsewhere, have clamored for "direct action," despairing of securing by their votes representatives who could be depended upon, even when elected on a labor-reform platform; but most of our union men are well aware that the great and steady progress that has been made in Massachusetts, in spite of the insidious and tremendously potent opposition of highly-organized special corporation interests, in obtaining reasonable hours of labor, decent living conditions, safety in employment and fair compensation for injuries, a minimum wage, and in general the recognition by the legislature that "soulless" exploitation of labor is contrary to the true interests of all the people, employer and employed, manager, producer and consumer alike—is due to the fact that organized labor has steadily cast its influence and its votes for the candidates, whatever their party label might be, whose platform and whose record vouched for their sympathy with labor's just demands.

Naturally, the Democratic party in Massachusetts has on the whole chiefly benefited by this non-partisan policy of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

organized labor, for while the Republican party platforms have been vague and noncommittal on labor issues and the majority of the Republican members of the legislature has almost without exception been against labor-reform measures so long as their passage was in doubt, the Democratic platform has been explicit and progressive, and the Democrats in the legislature have with few exceptions been true to the party professions of faith.

ORGANIZED LABOR A BENEFIT IN MASSACHUSETTS

IN the generation-long legislative struggle in which the hours of women and minors have been reduced from 60 or over to 48 a week, the railroads, street-railways and factories have been orced to adopt safety-devices, and all the rest of the social-welfare legislation of which Massachusetts is justly proud has been enacted, the roll-calls of the Senate and the House will show a majority of the Republicans always on record in the negative, and victory always due to the practically solid Democratic vote reinforced by an independent Republican minority chiefly from the "labor" districts. The same thing holds true of the last great triumph of true democracy in Massachusetts—the recommendation of the Initiative and Referendum by the Constitutional Convention and its ratification by the people—and when the next great constitutional reform, proportional representation in the legislature, is achieved in my State I predict that it, too, will be initiated by organized labor and carried by a coalition of independents and labor Republicans with the practically solid Democratic vote.

Not only has the influence of organized labor in Massachusetts been on the whole highly beneficial, but the political methods which the Federation has employed have been above reproach, and in refreshing contrast to those of the reactionary corporations.

There is a labor lobby, but it is a lobby that uses no sinister devices and buys no votes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CORRUPTING CORPORATION LOBBY

THE corporation lobby, on the contrary, has been a most notorious source of political corruption. Enormous sums temporarily subtracted from corporation dividends, but later extorted with compound interest from the consuming public and exploited employees, have been paid over to "kings of the lobby" and expended in ways most dangerous to our free institutions. Corporation lobbyists have "fixed" conventions, dictated nominations, and turned the scale in elections; and when by these methods men representing selfish special interests and not the mass of their constituents have been seated in the legislature every crooked means known in subterranean politics has been employed by the corporation lobby to corrupt and seduce men elected from districts where corporation influence was less potent in the elections. From all this political contamination the skirts of organized labor are undeniably clean.

Never had organized labor better cause for gratification with the outlook for the continued success of its time-honored policy of non-partisanship than today, thanks to the monumental changes in the relations between capital and labor which the war administration, under the humane and far-sighted guidance of President Wilson, has brought about.

The services of the War Labor Board have been beyond price. We in Massachusetts have raised the conditions of labor so high that we have felt at times the apprehension that our industries would begin to flow into other States where the standard of wages and the conditions of employment were lower. Federal action tending to uniformity among the States in these regards has given us great satisfaction and relief; and one of the great benefits that may be expected from the League of Nations is that its proposed labor council, analogous to the War Labor Board though necessarily only endowed with investigating and advisory powers, will tend to secure to our industries an increasing freedom from unfair international competition of cheap labor also.

I have no fear, therefore, that labor disturbances in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America will assume a menacing aspect in any near future, nor ever if, as I devoutly hope, the wise and humane policies of social justice, and not the insane and suicidal policy of exploitation and suppression, shall prevail in our national counsels as they have prevailed hitherto in the government of my native State.

ESCAPE

By ADA MELVILLE SHAW

ALL summer long my feet must tread
The city ways. Yet I escape!
Just yestermorn I passed upon the pave
A faded water-lily bud. Straightway
The swift-winged plane of memory
Sped me to the old rowboat
Drifting at will among the lily-pads
Of the bluff-bound, sky-mirroring lake.
There they awaited me, boon comrades
Of four decades gone.
We filled our boat with blossoms
And all our hearts with joy.
Time has not faded either treasure—
We *remember!*
So yesterday, while city voices clamored,
I escaped to laughter and to loveliness
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN LEGION

Keep Alive the Spirit of the Great War

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

[SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN LEGION, FORMERLY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G2-88th DIVISION A. E. F.]

THE American Legion is the G. A. R. of the Great War. It was not organized by any individual for selfish purposes. Nor was it conceived and initiated by any group of men. It sprang into being as the result of a universal demand among the soldiers and sailors of the Great War for an effective nation-wide organization, which would enable them not only to perpetuate the relationships formed in service, but also to carry on in time of peace the defense of America which they had so well begun in time of war. We have all learned much from our service in the Army or the Navy.

Some among us had but recently arrived in this country and did not even speak English, and valued America simply as a place in which to grub for money. These, during their term of service, learned to speak English, and became inoculated with the spirit of Americanism and grew to realize that the United States is today the greatest, freest and most generous nation in all the world.

Others among us had been born in America, of parents whose families had lived here for many generations, and therefore already believed America the greatest nation on earth. These, while yielding personal service in the Army or Navy, learned how very much greater America is than they had ever even suspected.

When we got in touch with the Germans, and with many other European nations, we learned at first hand, by cruelly hard experience, and at close quarters, that God helps the Nation which helps itself. That was perhaps the beginning of our new appreciation of the true value and importance of Americanism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Also, we learned to prize our country more intensely than ever because one always values that for which he pays more than that which is given to him or which he inherits and takes as a matter of course. I know that I valued my country much less as I grew up in it—took it as a gift and as a matter of course—than I did after I had paid for it in that most difficult of all coinage, personal service.

IMPORTANCE OF TEAM WORK

ALL these things we learned, and many more. But our greatest lesson was of the practical, nay vital, importance of "team-work." We discovered by painful lessons the utter fallacy of the supposition that if our country were attacked "a million men could spring to arms between sunrise and sunset" to dispose of the enemy.

In the first place we very soon learned that a million men would not be nearly enough. Then we discovered that they had no arms to spring to. And finally that even if they had arms to spring to, they would be utterly powerless without team-work and effective co-operation. Every hour of every day during our service the value of team-work and organization was rubbed into us.

We went without mail from home for many months together; we often received no pay; we were made to fight battles without food and without an adequate supply of ammunition; our families courageously carried on their work at home without the allotments to which they were entitled, and all for lack of organization.

Having learned to value our native country, we wished to serve even more effectively in the peace-time problems of the future than we did in the camps and upon the battlefields of the past.

And having also learned the importance of team-work and co-operation, we all hoped for a civilian organization to replace the military one we were leaving; a civilian organization which would enable us to carry into the new life that effective team-work and mutual support, the value of which we had so thoroughly learned in the army.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We realized that it is no more impossible for a million men to spring to arms between sunrise and sunset than it would be for our four million who served in the war to vote effectively between sunrise and sunset without previous thought and organization.

WHAT THE LEGION STANDS FOR

THIS was the root of the universal demand among soldiers and sailors of the Great War, for an effective, nation-wide, civilian organization.

For the American Legion is a *civilian* organization, composed of individuals who were civilians before the war, and are now again civilians. As a corollary to this, it naturally follows that our military records have no official bearing upon our standing in the Legion; privates, officers, and generals all stand upon an equal footing. And as another corollary we are to concern ourselves with future problems, the problems of peace, and not with the military records of the past.

The Legion is non-partisan, non-political, and non-sectarian; it welcomes as members men of all parties, of all creeds, and of all races, provided they honorably served their country against Germany; it includes Republicans and Democrats, Catholics and Protestants, whites and blacks, joined together for the common purpose of future patriotic unselfish service to our country.

This brings us to the final, most outstanding characteristic of the American Legion, a policy which up to this time has not only guided the leaders of the Legion but been unanimously endorsed by every man who has joined the association. It is that we stand for one hundred per cent, unadulterated Americanism. We are for America first, last, and always; America on the basis of the present Constitution, which insures to all the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The Legion is unalterably opposed to all those irresponsible, shiftless, and cowardly groups of men, who seek by direct anarchistic action to overthrow the government based

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon that Constitution, in order to seize by violent methods what they have been too lazy, too stupid, or too incompetent to obtain by fair means.

We believe that during the next twenty or thirty years, which promise to be filled with world-wide social and economic displacements, the American Legion will be the greatest bulwark against bolshevism and anarchy in our native country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMIGRATION SCARE UNFOUNDED

Plenty of Room in America and Big Influx Expected

By BYRON H. UHL

[ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION AT THE PORT OF NEW YORK]

(*AN INTERVIEW WITH* THE FORUM)

THE recent very general statements issued by the press, that our emigration records show an alarming exodus of foreign-born aliens to Europe, are entirely exaggerated. During my long service in the Immigration Bureau of the Port of New York, I have been observing facts concerning the problems of immigration and emigration, and I have found a peculiar normal balance of those outgoing and incoming for many years. Therefore, when I read in the newspapers articles which purport to announce an alarming rush of foreign laborers to Europe, I am curious to know whence the information comes.

There is no cause for alarm according to the statistics we have of this matter. Nor, can I quite understand the motive for creating an impression, in the public mind, that we are in danger of depopulating our labor-market through present emigration. Naturally during the war the alien departures almost ceased, because of the difficulty in securing passports, to say nothing of transportation. After the signing of the Armistice, emigration began to increase. As early as December, 1916, the alien departures from the port of New York were 10,263. Since then they have been fewer in number until March, 1919. Last June, which is the end of our fiscal year, 27,998 emigrants sailed from New York to Europe, the largest number since 1916.

The largest embarkation point of emigration in the United States of course is New York, so in submitting any figures showing the activity of emigration and immigration of the entire United States it may be assumed that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

majority of these people sailed from New York. To my mind, there can be no better answer to the assumption that emigration has become abnormal, than to take a glance at the figures of the last six years. These figures represent the actual Government records.

	Immigration to the United States	Emigration from the United States
1913	1,427,227	611,924
1914	1,403,081	633,805
1915	434,244	384,174
1916	336,743	240,807
1917	362,877	146,379
1918	211,853	193,268

MORE PEOPLE COMING TO THAN LEAVING AMERICA

IT will be seen from these figures, that the normal outgoing and incoming volume of human beings from or to the United States is slightly in favor of immigration. During the three fiscal years preceding the war, 1911 to 1913, 1,745,431 aliens left the United States, an average of 581,310 per year. During the fiscal years 1916 to 1918, inclusive, but 580,454 aliens left the United States, an annual average of 193,484.

Since 1916, up to and including the fiscal year of 1919 which ended on June 30, the arrivals of immigrants at the Port of New York have of course decreased. For instance, from July, 1916, to June 30, 1917, 160,105 aliens arrived at the Port of New York. During exactly the same period, from 1917 to 1918, a decrease is shown in the figures when 55,191 aliens were admitted at Ellis Island. From July, 1918, to June, 1919, the arrivals at the Port of New York increased to 62,304.

Now it is the easiest thing in the world to manufacture an argument, one might say in any direction, on a general basis of figures. During the same three fiscal years the departures of aliens from the port of New York totaled 76,723; 58,928, and 126,006, respectively. During the last

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two fiscal years the departures were considerably in excess of the arrivals. The conditions which govern these figures, reduce their potency, as an argument for alarm.

Since the arrivals at the Port of New York seem to support alarming statements that emigration is proceeding much faster than immigration, by looking at the monthly totals of arrivals in New York, we observe that since April of this past year, immigration has really increased beyond any previous year since the U. S. entered the war, in fact has more then doubled over last year.

A brief analysis of these figures will reveal it:

ALIEN ARRIVALS FOR FISCAL YEARS:

	1916-1917	1917-1918	1918-1919
April	7586	4403	11353
May	8212	4314	7462
June	6843	4592	9489

MANY IMMIGRANTS AWAITING SHIPS

BETWEEN now and next September the large number of people in Europe, who would like to come to America, will be eagerly waiting transportation facilities. The ships at present are being used very largely for the purpose of demobilization, and therefore there is no room for immigrants. I base my opinion of a substantial increase in immigration, from this September, on the statement of a certain steamship-agent who reports that over 60,000 tickets have been sold in Scandinavia, some of them no doubt to Scandinavians, but a great many to other nationalities, who have been waiting in the Scandinavian countries for an opportunity to come to the United States.

We have no statistics at Ellis Island showing the nationalities that may prevail among the emigrants who sailed from the Port of New York recently, but they are mostly from the Latin countries, and some from the south-eastern European nations and those recently formed. There is, of course, no restriction on emigration, although I believe a report is kept, based upon the income-tax of each emigrant, which tends to reveal how much money they take out of the country. This estimate, however, is really no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accurate proof because the war has created abnormal conditions in the handling of money. Undoubtedly the present volume of emigration is due in some measure to the prosperity wages which have been earned in the munition factories during the war. Very few of these people left their money in the banks, and they are therefore carrying with them much larger amounts than in normal times. This may account for the reports, sensationally colored, that immense sums are being taken out of the country by emigration. As a matter of fact the Government has no exact information as to the amount of money an emigrant takes with him to Europe. Certainly this is no more interesting than it is to know how much money an immigrant brings into the country at arrival.

At Ellis Island, where a large bulk of the immigration to the United States emerges, we do not obtain exact knowledge on this subject. The amount of money an immigrant is required to have upon entering the United States at the Port of New York, is largely governed by the principle that he will be able to take care of himself after he lands. A young artisan, for instance, who looks capable and whose record is good, will be permitted to land if he has his ticket to his place of destination and four or five dollars in his pocket. On the other hand, an old man who looks feeble, even if he has $500, might be detained for further investigation as to his ability to be independent. It is all purely a matter of economic judgment relating to the ability of the immigrant to avoid becoming a public charge. It is not an altruistic spirit, nor is it a matter of curiosity to know how much money the immigrant is bringing into the country. Therefore all statements which pretend to inform the public as to the amount of money, either immigration or emigration involves, is based upon an imaginary standard.

MONEY TAKEN OUT BY EMIGRANTS

CUSTOMARILY, in normal times, an emigrant carries about $500 in cash, having forwarded the larger amount of his savings abroad. Since the war bottled up all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

financial exchanges with Europe, the emigrant has been obliged to hoard his money, which may account for reports of large sums carried by emigrants, recently, on outgoing steamers. No doubt the present emigration is taking a lot of money out of the country, but not more than would be customary, compared with what the emigrant of the laboring class could earn under normal conditions.

Although, as I have said, there are no accurate, statistical facts that are final as to the amount of money taken out of the country, there is a statistical report of the amount of money brought into the United States by immigrants, although this is known to be less than the amount actually brought. Personally, I do not regard as significant the amount of money immigration brings to us, but there are some interesting facts in the statistics that may serve to counteract the sensational stories about the large sums of money that go out and never come back. We do not regard the immigrant as a financial asset to the money power of the United States in cash, but we do welcome him for the industry and the artisanship he may bring with it.

It is customary to ask the immigrant a general question, which is simply to ascertain whether he is a pauper or not. The answers to this question are recorded. In the year ending June 30, 1918, the largest total amount of money admitted by any one race of immigrants arriving in the U. S. came from 15,000 Mexicans, who brought with them a total of $1,472,275. The next largest sum brought into the country, during the same year, was $854,079, by over 5,000 Japanese immigrants. Large sums were brought into the United States also by immigration from the Spanish Americans, by the Pacific Islanders, the Cubans, the Scandinavians and the Dutch. Immigrants from Italy, France, England, Belgium or any of the large countries of the world, did not bring so much money with them in the steerage. The total shown was $7,960,810.

Emigrants are asked whether they intend to return to this country, and in this way we have gathered some data as to the spirit in which emigration takes place. We have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found that a very large number of emigrants return to their old places of residence in this country.

THE LABOR-SHORTAGE BOGEY

I HAVE read the articles, the statements in the press, that the present emigration is threatening the labor situation in this country. I cannot quite understand how such a situation could arise, since, in contradistinction to such statements, it is well-known that men are looking for jobs all over the country. We are also informed that there is scarcely enough work for our returned soldiers. So, it would seem to me that instead of emigration being a menace to the laboring man, it ought to be an advantage, leaving many jobs open in this country for those who need them. As a matter of fact, however, emigration is really not affecting the labor conditions as much as these statements in the press would desire to suggest. I regard the whole plan of timidity towards emigration as a species of dangerous propaganda, dangerous because it creates false impressions. While it is difficult to understand the source of such propaganda, it may be that the employing class, desiring to reduce the high cost of labor, are again making a sort of patriotic appeal to the Americanism of the working-man, hoping that he will realize, in the alleged menace of emigration, his duty to work for less money to sustain his country. This is, of course, purely conjecture. Nor is it final in my mind, because it is so extravagantly conceived. And yet, what other reason for statements which imply that emigration from this country is threatening a depopulation of our labor classes, if not the one I have given?

About the middle of September of this year I look for a tremendous influx of immigrants to this country, unless some law is enacted to prevent it. So far we have not been notified that there will be any additional restrictions upon immigration at the Port of New York. I should imagine that a great many people of Europe would like to get here.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"MAZEPPA!"

Mazeppa was a Cossack chief who was given one chance of life by a rival in love. His predicament is obvious, tied to an untamed steed he was hurled over the stones, pursued by wolves.

He eventually escaped and became a ruler of the people. What the Betaxed and Perplexed Public of today, tied to the High Cost of Living, wants to know is, Will it, like Mazeppa, survive the ordeal?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY FORD AT BAY

(Concluded From Page 144)

WEIGHING HENRY FORD'S UTTERANCES

DAY after day the hearings in court bring forth that which startles and that which amuses. Colonel Reilley of "Reilley's Bucks," an artillery regiment of the Rainbow Division, thrilled the court by airing on the witness-stand the details of an attempt by Japanese to secure American military secrets in the Philippines. Then a big, brawny Texan named Hines, whom Santa Maria calls the "Sea Cow," ponderously got on his feet and told of a fight with the Mexicans. "And," the attorney asked, "what happened to the Mexicans?" In a monotonous voice, as if he were quoting the price of beans, "Sea Cow" grunted: "Four killed. Seventeen wounded. Fourteen mules and ten horses killed." The court-room burst out laughing, even the judge smiled, but "Sea Cow" looked very much surprised.

On another day there came to the stand a learned professor, a bookish man from Michigan University whose duty it was to split philosophic hairs, to weigh the utterances of Henry Ford against the utterances of anarchists and, as an "expert witness," to give his opinion as to whether Ford thought was anarchistic thought. Quoting from a printed utterance of Ford, the professor, named Reeves, read:

"The trouble is, we are talking about this country, this state, this city, this factory as if one country, one state, one city, one factory could be of paramount importance. We want to stop this narrow talk. We want to talk about this world." And the professor remarked, "Godwin, Proudhon, Bakenin, Tucker and Tolstoi all set forth the idea that no one state is of paramount importance."

Further reading from a quoted utterance of Ford's, Professor Reeves said: "We boast about independence. There is no such thing. There is only interdependence,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'world citizenship'—that is the thing to teach. World patriotism—that is the thing we want to glorify."

The professor remarked that these thoughts were embodied in the teachings of anarchists. It was the signal for a bristling legal duel, with the twelve good men and true trying to reason out questions that perplex academicians. On his feet in a flash, Ford's attorney quoted something from a book. He read, "The future of mankind depends more on the relation of nations to one another, more on the realization of a common brotherhood of man, than on the selfish development of a national system." And it developed that the man who had said *that* was Woodrow Wilson.

The brisk little attorney piled on other quotations, bent upon showing that men, great in the eyes of America, had held views similar to Ford's and were not called anarchists. "There never was a good war," he quoted, "or a bad Peace," and then he remarked that Benjamin Franklin said that, and asked—"Is he an anarchist?"

Ralph Waldo Emerson was brought in for Ford—Emerson, who said that it is the ignorant and childish part of mankind that is the fighting part and that if you have a nation of men who have risen to the height of moral cultivation, they will not declare war nor carry arms, you have a nation of benefactors, great and able men. And the little attorney asked if Emerson was an anarchist. "For as many of you as have been baptized," he quoted, "there is neither Jew, nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, for you are all one in Jesus Christ." And the attorney asked if St. Paul was an anarchist.

Strange were the twists that the significance of testimony took. The defense put Henry Wise Wood, a preparedness propagandist, on the witness-stand, to bear out their contention that Ford was an anarchist. The lawyer questioned him on Ford's behalf.

"You say," he asked, "that Mr. Ford told you that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel?"

"Yes," replied Wood. "He said that no man was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patriot and that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel?"

"Well," Ford's lawyer answered him with a faint smile, "you knew that he was using a quotation from old Samuel Johnson, didn't you?—quoting a saying 150 years old?"

Wood's face flushed. A well-educated man, he admitted that he had not known it. It was Wood who unconsciously gave the jury food for thought upon determining whether or not Ford is ignorant. "I was an engineer and a manufacturer," Wood was saying; "and he was an engineer and manufacturer. We were both interested in engineering problems. I respected Mr. Ford as a very great engineer."

"HISTORY IS BUNK"

ONE day in court, when Henry Ford was sitting with his chair propped against the wall and clasping his lean knee, The Tribune's lawyer asked him who Benedict Arnold was. Ford said that he was a writer. A titter ran around the court-room and some of the newspaper men thought that Ford had confused Arnold Bennett. But, as the examination went on, Ford showed that history was decidedly not at his fingertips. He erred on questions that most schoolboys would have answered correctly. He seemed to be indifferent. He seemed to show a scorn for it and to take pride in not answering correctly. When he was asked about the relation of the United States to Porto Rico, he gave his attitude toward history with a terse remark, "In five minutes I could hire a man to tell me all about it."

The night before I had heard him express an opinion, "History is bunk." He was of the idea that precious little can be learned of the past. As he said, "In this war history lasted about a week." What he meant was that mechanics were so outdistancing history as to leave it too far behind to be of any use. "History lasted a week," said Ford. From the military viewpoint, there is deep truth in what he said. Based upon the lessons of the past, great fortifications were built along the Belgian and French frontiers. The war was not a week old when, forced by the mechanical advance of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the German artillery, the types of these fortifications were all being frantically changed. History hadn't lasted even a week. Therein lies one of the reasons for Ford's hostility to preparedness or, as he makes the distinction, "over-preparedness which is aggression." He says that it is "the height of waste and of folly to equip an army today with weapons that are obsolete tomorrow."

It is bewildering to sit and listen to Henry Ford defining "ballyhoo" as "blackguard," in court, to hear him describe a "mobile" army as an army mobilized, to hear him say that the War of 1812 was caused by aggression; and then to talk with him privately, to hear him quote Carlyle and Emerson and reveal himself conversant with the thought of William James and Tolstoi. It is puzzling to hear him say the things he does on the witness-stand and then a few hours later to sit down with him and have him give you an exposition of the Darwinian theory, to hear him say, "I am very fond of Emerson," and then to listen to his stories of his summer vacations that he always spends with John Burroughs, the naturalist, and Thomas Edison—one wonders just what these three minds have in common.

I got the idea from my talks with Ford that he is not bound by any political party, that he is a man above party politics, but that he believes in Woodrow Wilson because Wilson expresses ideas that are quite similar to his own. "He was a great man before the war," says Ford. "He is a greater man to-day." I caught just one point where he differed from Wilson; it was on the subject of government. In his speeches, Wilson frequently uses the expression, "The people's government." Ford says, "The people is the government." His idea is that President, Senators, and Congressmen merely represent the people to run the government for the people and these officials do not in themselves constitute government; the people govern. Yet in court, asked to define the fundamentals of our government, he made one of his habitual cryptic answers and said, "Justice." Again talking to him, he said, "We have another government also. It is the invisible government. It is composed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the 1 per cent, the scoundrels who are not free men." Some of the things that Ford says often anger one. When you leave him, there is a disturbing thought in your mind as you reflect upon a typical idea of his that armies and navies will be absolutely useless as soon as people become educated. Getting down to an analysis of Ford's ideas, one finds that there are big fundamentals that he is reaching out to express, but his method of utterance is cryptic and enigmatic. People are accustomed to having deep thoughts clothed in cultured phrases. Ford simply utters his ideas in the language of a workman.

THINKS THE TRIAL WILL EDUCATE PEOPLE

"THIS trial is one of the best ways of educating the people that I could think of," Ford said. One day John J. Henkel, superintendent of the employment bureau of the Ford factories, was called to the witness-stand. Before he was excused he had managed to relate how Ford handles labor. He had told that no foreman has the power to discharge a Ford employee; that if the foreman complains that a man is not doing his work properly, the man is not discharged. Rather he is sent to the employment bureau where he is assigned to other work. Complained of in this new work, he does not even then lose his job, but is given a different one. Ford gives every man three chances before he concludes that something is wrong and investigates. "Mr. Ford says there is good in every man." And millions of people read that in the reports of the trial.

Came another day and Edwin F. Clemett of the educational department of the Ford plant was put on the witness-stand. Apparently he was there to refute some bit of testimony concerning Ford's attitude toward the dependents of soldiers during the Mexican border trouble, but before Clemett was excused he had managed to tell of Ford's ideas for helping people to lead better lives. As he told how his department inquired into the living conditions of the workers in the Ford plant as to debts, insurance, savings, habits, care and education of children, character of homes, one gathered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that Henry Ford believed in steering humanity toward a better way of living. It was brought out that, in one year, twenty-two million dollars was paid out of the Ford treasury as workmen's share of profits. And instead of threatening those of his employees who had joined the National Guard it was brought out on the witness-stand that during the Mexican border trouble Ford had paid the dependents of all the soldiers in his plant not less than $10.00 a week and that 75 per cent of the checks were drawn for $15.00.

Came another day and on to the witness-stand there stepped Dr. Samuel S. Marquis, the head of the educational department and the former dean of a Detroit Cathedral. Much interest was shown in the appearance of Dr. Marquis, for he it was who conceived the idea of a flag of all nations. Dr. Marquis' testimony went from the court-room to the printing-presses of thousands of newspapers, and millions of Americans read how in the Ford plants there were special advisers who visited homes afflicted by illness because Ford did not like to see the savings of his men demolished because of sickness. The millions of newspaper readers saw how Ford employed advisers who took crippled children from the homes of his employees and brought them to specialists for treatment at Ford's expense. They read how every man working in the plants who suffered from a nervous disease was given a regular course of medical treatment at Ford's expense. They read that on the payroll, Dr. Marquis said, there were about 1,200 men physically crippled and about 4,000 crippled by disease. They read that Ford had told him, "We want here the same number of incapacitated people per thousand that the community has." They read that there were now over 40,000 men participating in Ford's profits, that his monthly "turn-over of labor" was only a fraction over 2 per cent, the lowest in the country.

FORD DEFINES AN IDEALIST

DAY after day these facts of the Ford plan, as they come out at the trial, are flashed over the telegraph wires the length and breadth of the United States. What is going to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be the effect upon the workingmen in other plants who read these things? Ford told me, "I will open more and more industries. I will spread the chance for people to live properly and to be prosperous to all parts of this country. Manufacturers will have to fall in line." That is his ideal. To make people prosperous. In court when they asked him to define an idealist, he said that it was one who made people prosperous.

Ford's dream of prosperity for all humanity is directly related to his hatred of war. As I talked with him, the impression was forced upon me now and then that he hates war because it is wasteful, because it impoverishes. He told me that with prosperity for all human beings, there would be no war, that if people were prosperous, they would be educated, and that if they were educated they would not fight.

"Get the people educated," he said, "and it means an end of the 1 per cent being able to lead around the 99 per cent by the nose. Oh, the people are waking up, all right."

I have watched him under cross-examination. The lawyer who endeavors to entangle him, for his client, is learned. As he flings at Ford questions that would not perturb a high-school boy, Ford's attorney leaps to his feet and says, "Your Honor, I object." The other day when his lawyer characterized the examination as "brutal and inhuman" Ford let just the suggestion of a smile play about his mouth. He is a client of whom many lawyers would despair. Sometimes ignoring the objections of his counsel, Ford answers the question before the court has ruled upon the legal point involved. When the attorney for the defense sought to remind him that he had admitted to being an "ignorant idealist," Ford quite deftly parried with: "You are a good enough attorney to get me to say this or that, but it would not be in my mind."

Picture in your mind the duel which took place for days between him and The Chicago Tribune attorney. It would have broken the spirit of any man not supremely confident of himself and of his ideals. Ever maintaining an air of tolerance, almost the condescension of a professor of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophy toward a freshman, the lawyer mentally sought to take Ford by the hand.

I did not hear Ford trim on cross-examination. One day The Tribune offered in evidence a pamphlet, the expenses for writing, printing, and distributing Ford had paid in 1916. It was a plea for pacifism. They read in court from the book that bore his name, "I feel that this cry for the training of men to kill other men and for the placing of an army and navy as a burden on the backs of the people is a false conception of patriotism and treason to the life of a people." Having talked with Ford, I wondered at the language; it was not his. It came out in the testimony that when Ford made his campaign for pacifism, he engaged a Detroit newspaper-man named Delavigne to handle it for him. Ford used to talk with Delavigne and give him his ideas and Delavigne expressed them in his own language. Some of that which was written, Ford saw; more, he did not see, he declared. Thus many things which Ford never said came home to roost during this trial, but on the witness-stand, Ford took full responsibility for everything himself. To every quotation that the defense quoted from Ford's pamphlet, he said, "I am responsible. If it's in the book, it's so."

He is a courageous witness. On the stand he freely expressed an opinion that in 1916 President Wilson, when he exposed preparedness, was playing politics. He also went against the popular belief that England was not prepared for war. He said that she had a navy. The Tribune lawyer endeavored to get him to admit that the small British army indicated a lack of preparedness, but, with one of his homely-phrased answers, Ford replied: "It doesn't make much difference whether you get hit with a brick or with a club."

Interviews that Ford had given from time to time were cut out of the back files of newspapers and read in court. It was quoted, "I could today make vast sums of money out of warfare if I so desired, but I would prefer to die a pauper."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ford nodded his head in full agreement with this sentence, which was three years old.

WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT WAR

AFTER the ordeal at the witness-stand, in the cool of the late afternoon, Ford wanders off on long walks; "hikes" a soldier would call them, for they often cover six miles. He strikes off the road and goes across country, vaults over fences like a boy and tramps through the little bits of woodland here and there. One night while he walked, he talked of many things. Coming from a big Eastern city, one ventured something about the quiet of the street, edged by great old centennial trees fringing smooth green lawns and comfortable old houses.

"It is peaceful," Ford agreed. "The whole world should be peaceful. Is there anyone who after what the world has done to him recently wants anything but peace? There may be some, those who made money out of the war or who would profit from another war. But the people of the world—the men who fought, those who remained behind and grieved for them, those who saw the awful waste of human life and of material, do they want more war? I don't believe so. Only the 1 per cent wants it—the militarists and the money lenders."

A pretty home was passed and Ford pointed to it.

"If this property-owner has a dispute with his neighbor over the line of that fence right there, does he go out and hire a gang of gunmen and shoot up the neighbor or get shot up himself by the gunmen that his neighbor has to hire? Of course he doesn't. He goes down to the little court-house they've got back there; the judge and a jury settle the matter for him. Soon he and his neighbor are good friends again. Michigan and New York may differ over something. You don't see them sticking guns in the hands of their citizens and going whooping into war, do you? No, Michigan sends its representative down to Washington and so does New York, and the Supreme Court settles it—without the loss of a life or a day's productiveness. Now tell me, if neighbors and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States can have their affairs settled by a county court and a supreme court, why cannot two nations settle their differences by a world court? They could if it weren't for the bankers, the professional soldiers and all the greedy and stupid apostles of organized murder."

LARGER FARMS—LOWER FOOD COST

BY this time Ford had turned off a byroad and was out in the country. He came upon a farm where in the gloaming a farm-hand who had just put up his horses was enjoying a hike before turning in. Ford stopped a moment to chat with him. "Good evening, how's the farm?"

"Pratty gute," replied the man with a Danish accent.

"How big?"

"Tray-honderd-saxty acres."

"Not big enough," remarked Ford. "Ought to be ten times that size." And then, leaving the farmer dazed that one should dream he should own such a large farm, Ford hurried on; he remarked, "In a few years, when nearly all farm work will be done by machinery, the size of farms will be much larger. Farming corporations will be organized, which will market the products and, without a middleman, down will come the cost of food."

When Ford turned his steps back toward Mt. Clemens, we got to talking about money.

"Everybody should have plenty of money," he said, "enough to have a decent home, good clothes, good food, a motor-car if he wants it, means to travel occasionally and get to understand his fellow men. Such a condition can be brought about. Increased production of the things people want and need—more people working to bring about that result instead of idling or wasting effort as they do now. Employers must learn a great lesson. It is a simple thing, but so many of them are blind. The more money they give to their workers, in return for their productions, the more production there will be, and the more money will return to the employer himself. I proved that. I paid men liberal wages and gave them easy hours of work. They work better

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and harder. They have made money for us as for themselves. Let anyone who wishes to quarrel with the theory of this, argue, but we have the facts and if anyone wants the figures from us, he may have them. There will be a shorter working day than 8 hours. It will result in equal if not greater production. When manufacturers take the bandages off their eyes and look the truth in the face, they will see that the more they give the more they will receive. It's very simple. We did it. It can be done by anyone." By now the walk had terminated at Ford's hotel. "Think some of these things over," he suggested with a smile. "I'm not a prophet, but I think they are coming true."

FORD'S WAR-WORK RECORD AND GREATEST AMBITION

WHAT Ford did to help win the war, was threshed out in court. In defence of accusations that he was a "rotten American," Ford put in evidence that he was the first American to offer himself, his factories, and his fortune to the Government, that the Government gave him an order to manufacture 400,000 cylinders for the Liberty Motor at a price of $20.00 each, that he installed several million dollars' worth of new machinery to do this work, discovered that he could make the cylinders for $8.00, told the Government so, and voluntarily reduced the price $12.00 on each cylinder, that the Government gave him an order to build Liberty Motors; that he cut the Government's price $1,000 per motor; that the Government gave Ford an order for two million helmets at 30c. each; that he discovered he could make them for 7c. each, told the Government so and cut the price; that the Government gave him a large order for artillery caissons at $1,200 each, that he reduced the price $500 on each one; that the Government ordered him to build submarine chasers; that he put one million eight hundred thousand dollars of his own money into a shipyard, because the Government's appropriation was not sufficient for the purpose, and for this he asked no return; that the Government asked him to create a kind of steel, one-half the weight of ordinary armor plate, yet capable of resisting gun-fire of equal intensity. It was to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

used in tanks; that his son worked out that problem; that Ford provided England with 600 tractors at cost; that Ford paid a bonus of $1 a night to the thousands of men doing war work on his night shift, the Government not permitting the expenditure he paid it out of his own pocket; that when the war was over, Ford requested the Secretary of the Treasury to send an auditor into his plant so that he could determine just what his war profits were and that he is giving back every dollar of them to the Government.

"What is the greatest thing in the world—your greatest ambition?" I asked Henry Ford.

"To be free—a free man," came back instantly.

"What is the worst thing in the world?"

"The wickedest man in the world is the richest man unless his money is helping others to be prosperous."

"And the impulse that lies behind your acts?"

"To educate people."

And comes out of the little court-house at Mt. Clemens a course that is spreading the gospel of Ford into the four corners of the earth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

New Styles in Play-writing

IT would seem that it takes a brave man to be original in the modern theatre. The old tried and true plots and methods of production follow the line of least resistance, and have so often found favor, that the powers of the theatre are not, as a rule, over-anxious to take the sporting chance that a play of decided novelty may prove to be unsuccessful. When a venturesome manager does produce a play with a new idea, either in theme or stage setting, and such a production meets with success, its is almost certain, however, that others of the theatre world, as ducks follow their leader to an old swimming hole, will trail after the courageous one, and plunge boldly into the mill-pond of dollars. As an example, it is only necessary to mention " On Trial," and the many motion-picture-like plays that follow its vogue.

So it is that each season finds plays of a type to be popular. A manager dares to put his money into a novelty that is shown in a small town so that he may judge its effect on an audience. There are other managers present, and if the out-of-town audience shows that the new venture is going to "get across" there is a rush on the part of several producers to offer the first production of such a type to metropolitan audiences. That is why, of late years, the time of the opening of " the new theatre season " has been rushed forward from September to June, and why, last year's most successful play, " Friendly Enemies," was shown on the hottest night of the year, for, in the theatre world, the old adage, " first come," often means the longest stay.

This season the element of novelty seems to tend toward the mystery play, possibly because the detective story has been so popular in the past year,—and, as one booking-agent remarked, rather sneeringly: " The woods are full of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them,—all waiting a chance to get into town." Managerial reports seem to indicate that such is the fact. At any rate, two have arrived, and a third is scheduled.

The initial performance of the new season—June 28th—was "At 9:45," a melodramatic offering by Owen Davis. The story depicts the unravelling of a crime, and the title might easily have been, "Who Did It?"—for that is the concern of the audience. One after another the characters are suspected, and three of them actually claim the crime as their own. A rather threadbare situation has been used as a solution, but it is satisfying,—especially as the elements of mystery and comedy have been held throughout. The first act is particularly notable for its speed and action, with the missing young man, the shot, the anxiety of the mother of the boy, the arrival of the detectives, and the opening of a cupboard door, which allows the unconscious young man to fall into the arms of the detective. While the cast offers no starred or featured players, it does bring a group of excellent players to Broadway, and the first play of the season is undoubtedly a novelty success.

The second murder-mystery of the theatre season is called "The Crimson Alibi," dramatized by George Broadhurst from a novel of the same name. There is a murder and circumstantial evidence points first in one direction, then in another. The dénouement is altogether unexpected, really unexpected, and quite satisfactory. As the man disposed of was not at all popular, the audience leaves with the understanding that the court will not hold the offender for very long. As a whole, the play is not quite as exciting as its rival. The first act dragged,—which is a drawback, for the rest of the piece was speedy. Then, too, it is a question as to whether the action could not have been arranged so that a less number of scenes were necessary. The play is well acted by a competent company, and the several of the scenes are very striking.

Still another type of play which promises to be popular in the theatre this season deals with the returned soldier. Like "At 9:45" this play, "The Five Million," was hurried

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in so that it might be the first of its theme. It is a comedy. The action takes place in a small town, and the play is peopled with what might be termed familiar small-town types, with the welcome addition of the returned soldiers. They, of course, are new. The action concerns a young man who is reported to be dead in France, but comes back to find that his grandfather has sold his law practice, and that the girl he loves, or thinks he loves, has become interested in the man who stayed at home because the doctors discovered that he had flat feet. This scant picture of the plot does not reveal the comic possibilities, which are many. There is a most amusing and possible situation in which one of the characters arrives home to find that his wife has been successfully holding his position in the insurance office, and that she does not intend to give it up, but advises him to read the Help Wanted columns. As the man in question has been an army cook he goes to his own kitchen, though, of course, temporarily. Then, too, there is the French bride and the old soldier to contrast the past with the present. The acting is excellent. Ralph Morgan, who was the young man in last year's "lightnin'," plays the hero, giving a manly characterization, and winning his audience. William E. Meehan, one of the most popular of comedians, plays the returned hero who has to do his own cooking, while Helen Barnes is his wife. All the others offer character portrayals that blend into the picture.

New "Summer Shows"

THIS hasty opening of the new season does not mean that the old season is dead. The "summer shows,"—nondescript entertainments arranged to defy the heat and pass away warm evenings—which mark the dying days of the theatre, are still making their appearance.

The most pretentious of the new offerings is "The Gaieties of 1919." "The Gaieties" is the latest addition to the ever-increasing number of hardy annuals in the garden of the theatre, and if "The Gaieties" which are to follow have the entertaining quality of the first member of the family to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appear, they are sure to meet with success. The new production follows a rather well-defined path, being a loosely strung series of stage pictures that carry the audiences through the evening from a Long Island summer home to Halifax and back again, with incidental scenes that allow for beauty and satirical humor. For once it can be said that the newest summer show is truly humorous. Ed. Wynn, who arrives on the stage by way of the centre aisle before the rise of the curtain, is the chief fun-maker and he is an instantaneous success. For good measure there is William Kent and George Hassell, both funny on occasions, but second to Mr. Wynn. As a background there are the girls, dozens of them, and each one picked for comeliness. Also, they are tastefully gowned—gowns that are notable for their richness in beauty and design. If it were possible this review might go into detail and mention the names of the numerous men and women who help the production to success, also the musical numbers which have the distinction of being well sung,—and later whistled by the departing audience. The "Gaieties of 1919" is decidedly welcome.

The Greenwich Village Follies, offered in the local theatre, still another attempt to show Mr. Ziegfeld that he has not the sole patent on the girl and music revue that has been connected with his name, is the second "summer show." This new revue is pleasing, having Bessie McCoy Davis as the star. The fun is never furious, but it is entertaining, and as a whole the evening's entertainment is worth the long trip away from the theatre district.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)

Holding Up the Public

"WE want more—and we don't care who pays."

This issue of THE FORUM devotes considerable space to labor questions—and labor questions no longer are remote from our daily life. They thrust themselves, as my editorial friend from Painted Post was wont to say, "into our midst."

Today labor questions stalk right through the front door and sit down at the table; they are with us at work, and they make us think twice before we look up the time table, or call up "Information at the Railroad Administration" to see when the train leaves for Fishing River or Inland Dell, if it ever does. Labor is here and its trained executives—skilled leaders—are on the watch for every vulnerable position in "capital" to attack.

Your itinerant editor has been to a half dozen great industrial centres in quest of information, first hand, and first sight. He has been in big factories and out to the mass meetings and "in the midst" of some Central Western spots of unrest.

What is the cause, what is the animus of unrest, and what is the remedy? These are three violent problems that real Americans—80 per cent of our population—want to settle. The man who works in the shops and mines, on the railroads and street-car lines, wants more money; some of them want more democracy of attitude, but whatever else they want in the way of personal consideration for themselves and their families, they are led to believe, through their elected organization leaders, that they can get more wages—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much more wages. As individuals, naturally, they want all they can get.

But I will venture to say right in the beginning of this uneasy question that the majority of the laboring men (industrial workers) are fairly well content with the wages they are getting and the conditions that great industries offer them in and around their lives. But unfortunately they are not in control of their own destiny—they are under orders, voluntarily or otherwise so.

Labor chiefs are surveying the industrial and political map. They have charted out vulnerable spots and they order strikes.

A group of executives of street-car employees' organization sit in Dayton and order a strike in Chicago. They strike for an increase out of proportion to the ability of the street-car companies to pay, upon the 5-cent fare. Said a local leader in Chicago, "We want what we ask for. We're going to get it—and we don't care who pays the bills."

This is reminiscent of the famous remark attributed to the late Commodore Vanderbilt, "the public be damned." Of course, the public won't be damned and sooner or later gets together, through civic organization, through its duly elected government, or by the invisible power of public opinion, and smashes the kind of people who talk from the rostrum of temporary advantage in strength. The public of Chicago is asked to pay the bills of the increased wage demand—to pay double its present street-car fare, and labor has tried to force the hand of the companies and compel them to pay a wage which would leave no profit, in fact, a deficit, on their books—unless the authorities grant the companies the right of charging ten cents.

Most of the men employed on the car lines would be glad to continue at their present good wages, having three times been raised during and since the war and high cost of living came into the question. Most of them would accept a reasonable wage advance but the executives who ordered the strike insist upon more wages, and the men are afraid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to accept work that, as individuals, they are glad to get at present wages.

Undoubtedly 5 cents for a ride from one end of Chicago to the other is too small to charge. So the person who rides a few blocks for 5 cents pays for the other fellow's ride of ten miles. Not only in Chicago, but in every large city.

Some day, a scientific zoning system of fares for certain zones, in proportion to the ride delivered to the public, will be worked out in great cities; in the meantime the public must pay or labor will continue to strike.

The Upper and Nether Grindstones

CHICAGO is red with strikes and labor upheaval. One great industrial concern tried to open after a period of strike, and most of their men and women came back, eager for their jobs. But the labor executives said no. So these American citizens, who wanted to work and needed their pay, were stoned and injured and shot at.

Here is where the people's interest is violated. Sheriffs were necessary and they were stoned. Police were mobbed. Law and order had no show against the mass violence. The would-be employees were frightened and ran away.

They were not strong enough to stand under the epithet of "scabs," and the social persecution of their own class wreaked upon them and their families.

Said one great captain of industry, in the northern part of Ohio, employing in one of his concerns 15,000 men, who had struck, "When the city gives my men who want to work, protection, and my property protection, I will open. Most of my men want to come back—the leaders and the ignorant classes of the lowest order of labor in my plant won't let them come back."

The plant is still closed. The "red" mass of the lower order infected with Bolshevism and urged on by socialistic propaganda, will of course eventually weaken and scatter to other cities in search of work. They are already doing it and the manufacturer finds his "turn-over" of labor too large, resulting in costly training, losses from inefficient

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

labor, and detriment to his output. Said one large employer of labor in southern Ohio, "I have two thousand more men than last year. I am paying higher wages and my output is considerably less."

One great industry in Chicago, handling a product of value in hundreds of millions a year, is receiving just two per cent profit on its output—giving 98 per cent of the cost of its product to the retail buyer for the public. This concern is handling goods perishable, previous to manufacture, buying at variable prices, and conducting a competitive business, on a two per cent profit,—a profit less than a bank will demand, and yet its labor wants more pay and shorter hours, and the political demagogues are haranguing the public, urging restrictive legislation,—even government ownership.

This is one plant of five—known as the Big Five Packers. Vote-seeking Congressmen are framing up legislation in Congress to further impede the packers' service to the public and restrict the output of their industries. These plants of the Big Five are essential to the American table. They are not in control of meat and other foods. There are other big combinations of packers who are competing with them, at the stockyards, and at the distributing points. There are some hundred or two independent packing concerns also competing locally and in their territories,—and yet they are singled out and pinioned in the public eye by government agencies and political propaganda. This adds to labor unrest and reaction upon them in their employment of increased forces.

Labor agitators and organized leaders take their cue from political opportunists and realizing the power of the vote, as a prize, jump in and demand more and still more,—and who pays? The public, of course, but not to the packing industry, who suffer diminishing profits, but to the retail profiteer who takes advantage of the poisoned public opinion, and puts on all the price that the helpless purchaser will stand —and the producer is cursed, while the local profiteer smirks and winks and puts the onus upon the big producer of meat,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of foodstuffs, of flour, of canned goods, of every form of package and staple food that goes over the counter.

Is There No Remedy?

IF the good Lord and the politicians at Washington ever settle the League of Nations question and finish unfinished current business, they should be given a personally-conducted trip around these United States, and a course in industrial education. They should be sent to every industrial centre and compelled to investigate the conditions under which our industries are struggling for their lives. Today the big industry, the public transportation franchises, the wholesale distributor, are between the upper grindstone of political ignorance and self-seeking, and the nether grindstone of labor ignorance and demands for more pay and less working hours.

Upon their return from their personally-conducted educational tour the legislators should be locked in the Capitol at Washington, or put in tents at one of our empty cantonments, with representatives of capital and labor, and be compelled, like a jury, to render a verdict, or stay there until they do; to formulate a commission from their members and, backed by the force of the Government, compel hereafter all questions of industrial conflict to be settled by this representative commission of rotating members appointed by Congress, and settle them according to terms of human justice and economic law of supply and demand.

We need a Peace Time Industrial Board that functions —and whose verdicts are law; law that has a responsibility behind it and the will of the people expressed by their paid servants, authorized to enforce justice—and just decisions on the issue, backed by the full extent of force.

True, conditions change and localities and standards of living vary, and all these questions are to be considered.

Our country's greatness rests upon our industrial life, in great cities, in vast industrial institutions—where the individual becomes but a cog and an inarticulate one.

All the more must he have a spokesman, not a dictator.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capital was never so willing as now to adjudicate equitably, divide its profits honestly, settle its local questions fairly—and the majority of labor was never so keen as now to sell its man-power to industry that "treated him right," gave him the square deal.

The fault in the situation is lack of co-ordination in the great warring factions that are in unrest and blind to right and economics—by greed and misleadership.

Let us have a League of Industry, drawn from the men at the top, and the men at the bottom—from both sides of issue—and give to that League mandatory powers over its decisions.

The American respects law, loves his country, seeks a living wage and a profit on that wage, and is ready to arbitrate.

The Bolshevist, the paid agitator, the public-be-damned capitalist; the demagogic politician, the ignorant and unfit office-seeker and holder—must be educated or cast into the discard. We are ready for peace and prosperity.

Why not take the situation in hand as systematically and scientifically as we did war, when we got down to business, and go to its solution. It is the biggest question in America today—the fundamental, underlying problem that permeates the life of every centre of population, and upon its proper and speedy solution depend our internal peace and the continuance of our prosperity, high and low.

Education, in and out of Congress; education, information, understanding, all are essential and all lie within easy grasp; protrude upon us if we will harken with intelligence.

Let us sell off our left-over munitions and supplies and devote the money to the industrial education of Congress and State legislatures; to Commissions with power of recommending remedies, and a permanent Board of Industrial Control that reaches every State and every city and is paid consistent with the brains and service it renders to the public, to labor and capital.

These sweeping questions of unrest are portents of deep-rooted disease and will not cure themselves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is the German Republic Real?

LIMPING around, the German Colossus mutters now and then some disturbing things. When the armistice was declared Prince Max of Baden sang the Swan Song of his brief Chancellorship to a quieting motif. To the world he sent a message that while Germany had lost the war they had won a greater victory, for they had conquered themselves, found their soul; and that part of the world which believes everything uttered a sigh of relief. Perhaps the gentle Germany of the Minnesingers was being born again. Germany had been beaten, had learned that Might does not make Right, and was reforming. Splendid!

Then some disturbing thoughts were raised. An eminent American industrialist came up boldly, after studying the German situation in Europe, and said that the German Republic was a fake. Those observers who came to know that a German national policy was always one of convenience, recalled President Wilson's stand during the war, that no peace could be made so long as the Hohenzollerns were in power. They thought, as Germany merely shelved autocracy, to get peace. They looked through the Republican government that sat in Berlin and they saw to their astonishment that the old standbys of the Kaiser régime were still in power. They saw the crafty Erzberger, he who doled out the money for the intrigues in Italy and France—the same Erzberger who went to Switzerland to confer with Bolo Pasha. They saw Dr. Heinrich F. Albert in a position of authority. They beheld Count Von Bernstorff as an extremely influential adviser of the "Republic." They saw the suave Boy-Ed still ensconced in power, they considered that one of the Kaiser's shrewdest diplomats, Count Brockdorff-Ranzau, an intimate of Bernstorff's, was dominating the Foreign Office. They saw all the old henchmen of the days of Wilhelm II holding down desks at Wilhelmstrasse 76—all the Rats, Geheimrats, councillors and privi-councillors, of the Kaiser régime. What did it mean?

Why, there was a revolution in Germany! There was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

street fighting; people were killed. Yes, there was a revolution, but the revolution was stamped out under the iron heel. There are those who say that the Ebert government was a creation of the autocracy, that a harnessmaker was made the president, and that behind him the old adherents of the Kaiser pulled the strings. Surely they held positions from the day of the revolution and hold them today. There are those who say that the Ebert government gave out to the world a statement that the revolution, the bloody revolution of street fighting, was caused by Bolshevists. There are others who say that the Ebert government stamped it out because it was an attempt to make a sincere Republic in Germany. Kurt Eisner of Bavaria, a power among the masses, a bitter hater of autocracy, a man who longed for a German Republic, did not live very long. In Munich he was assassinated.

Is the Germany of Kaiser days the Germany of today? In the Tiergarten of Berlin, in the shadow of the shaft of the Column of Victory, there rises a wooden monstrosity. It is a statue of Von Hindenburg, and into it the Germans drove nails, paying for the privilege so that the statue would be covered with a surface of iron. It is a monument to militarism. It still stands.

The Germans were supposed to return to the French any captured battle-flags. Just before the Peace Treaty was signed the French battle-flags that had fallen into German hands during the war were taken out of the vaults where they lay and were publicly burned. Where? They were burned at the shrine of international deceit, at the statue of Frederick the Great, in Berlin, while a great mob sang "Germany Over All."

Under the conditions of the armistice the German High Seas fleet was to remain at anchor in British waters until the signing of the Peace Treaty should cause its ultimate disposition to be determined. The Germans violated their pledge and scuttled the ships.

When it became obvious to the officials of the German Republic that they could not avoid paying the piper for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scarlet dance they had made, Erzberger drew up a notification for influential Germany. It said that Germany should merely regard this war as a temporary setback in her inevitable march to world dominion. Erzberger said that history would merely repeat itself, that Germany was predestined to dominate the world. He said that Germany today held a similar position to Rome, after a disastrous war with Carthage. He said that in the end Carthage fell, although it took many, many years to destroy her, just as in the end the Anglo-Saxons would fall.

When the American Army of Occupation was along the Rhine before Peace was signed, the Germans were very, very nice to the soldiers. No sooner was Peace signed than in Coblenz there appeared on the walls of buildings stickers which read "God Curse Wilson."

Then, at Weimar, when the treaty was ratified and speakers violently protested against its "Injustice" and promised that a day of vengeance would come, the representatives of the German Republic uproariously cheered.

When the non-militaristic present German government made Gustav Noske Minister for Defense, those who know Imperial Germany wondered. In 1912 Noske advocated, in the Reichstag, the greatest possible artillery armament regardless of cost. But when it was learned that German manufacturers are today secretly contributing to the maintenance of the German Army, nobody wondered further. Quietly Noske is preparing to increase the number of scientifically trained officers, while the Ministry of the Interior is taking steps to drill private soldiers. War veterans' societies, rifle clubs, will furnish the skeleton for civilian army corps. What for? To the east is Russia. To the southeast of Germany is a Balkans disgruntled with the work of the Peace Conference. To the south is an Italy at swords' points with France over Fiume. At home there are those seeking to drive a wedge between the United States and Great Britain. It is this situation that encourages Germany. What will the Colossus sing, the songs of the Germany of old, or of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prussianized Germany? Is there any repentance or sincerity in the new German Republic?

A Visitor

NEWSPAPER "column conductors," as well as many humorists, will soon be writing something like this:

"Ed. Wettin has come over to visit us. It is the first time any of his family has been over since his grandfather paid us a visit some fifty years ago. Glad to see you, Ed."

There will be no particular harm in these paragraphs. Mr. Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David Wettin is a decidedly democratic chap and we are glad that he is to be the guest of our Government for a few days. However, since by right of birth this young man is His Royal Highness, Prince of Wales, and heir to the throne of Great Britain, to all of us, in our thoughts and our discussion of him, he will be "The Prince."

King George, in behalf of his son, has accepted President Wilson's invitation and the Prince will visit Washington after his Canadian tour, then he will visit New York for a few days before returning, living aboard H. M. S. "Renown." He will be the guest of no individual while in this country, despite loud and agonizing wails from Newport and other society colonies.

There have been great changes since that other Prince of Wales visited us, the illustrous grandfather of the present Prince, who became King Edward. Many wars have been fought, much history has been made, the world map has changed vastly, Germany won and lost Alsace-Lorraine together with all her power and the respect of all civilized peoples. But the greatest change of all has been in the attitude of Americans for their mother country and in the regard of British subjects for us of this country.

No more do our July 4th orators simultaneously twist the King's English and the British lion's tail. Never before were the ties of friendship between the countries so close, never before were prospects so great for permanent harmony that will redound to our mutual advantage in every way.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His Royal Highness is a good prince, and the good of royalty prevails, as does the good of all things. The unlamented and erstwhile Kaiser did not prevail because he was neither a good Prince nor a good Emperor.

The Prince is just a regular fellow, a lively young man whom his guardians had great difficulty in keeping from No-Man's-Land during the war. An American publisher was talking with King George last Spring when he dropped a little case, containing a picture of his son in uniform. The King was interested, asked the boy's age, it was the same as that of the Prince, and so they talked, not as King and publisher, but as two fathers. Said King George, referring to the Prince of Wales, "In the words of you Americans, he is 'some boy!' "

And so we welcome the young man, not only because he is a Prince, but because he is "Some boy!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLAN DWAN

Whose article, "Filming Great Fiction," in this number of THE FORUM, explains and justifies his new idea of transferring to the screen the works of great Americans, and at the same time faithfully preserving the spirit of their stories.

Mr. Dwan, when at Notre Dame University, won the Inter-Collegiate Wrestling championship. He gave up his profession of Civil Engineering to direct motion-pictures, has now his own producing company, and has just produced Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Training for Authorship

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

Dr. Esenwein

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over $1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, especially valuable for its full reports of the literary market. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-page illustrated catalogue free.

Please address—

The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 21 Springfield, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

You Must Read

Ellen

Unique and Appealing

$30 to be given for best replies to two great questions.

Free circular. Send today.

Price of Ellen, $1, Postpaid

R. S. PECK & CO., Inc., Dept. E HARTFORD, CONN.

A FIRST AID BOOK FOR LITERARY WORKERS

WRITING TO SELL

A TEXTBOOK OF LITERARY CRAFTSMANSHIP

A practical handbook of helpful information to the writer who seeks to produce and market salable work. How and what to write, the larger markets, appealing to different interests, method and structure, gathering and arranging material, structural forms, writing "down" to the people.

Pages Subheaded In Ready Reference Form. Price Fifty Cents—Postage Five Cents

Published by WILDMAN MAGAZINE AND NEWS SERVICE
118 East 28th Street, New York

A Beauty Bath Free

To introduce our famous **Royal Bath Balm** in every locality, will send trial package absolutely free to any one who has never used it. You don't know the real luxury of a bath till you've tried this wonderful preparation. Makes you feel good all over. Beautifies the skin. Softens and whitens it. Soothing, healing, antiseptic, purifying. Write for Free Sample; also Free Beauty book. Address **ROYAL BATH BALM CO., Box B, Little Falls, N. Y.**

STOP! A REVELATION

A book has been written, entitled

"Strands of Gold"

or

"From Darkness Into Light"

By ALBERT O. FRIEDRICHS

It is a Poetical Work on a religious order, combined with NEW THOUGHT.

For years the writer has made a systematic study of MENTAL SCIENCE; but he derived little benefit, and in a maze he was in despair of ever attaining success, when, as if by a miracle, the things that were so perplexing were so revealed to him that he could not help but cry out in wonder: "Oh, God; how mighty and full of wisdom Thou art!" The book is replete in every detail, ending with a vivid description of "SOUL LIFE," giving the reader a clear conception of the inseparable union which exists between the INFINITE and the FINITE being.

The book will teach you how to attain the loftiest success and the highest degree of Mental, Moral and Physical perfection.

Price of book (cloth binding), $1.00, postpaid.

Friedrichs Publishing Co., Mankato, Minn.

Dept. C 2

Exhausted or Debilitated

NERVE FORCE

Every reader of this magazine, who is under a nervous strain, lacks nerve force, power or energy, and particularly those who are subject to weakness and excessive drains on the nervous system, should not fail to send at once to **Winchester & Co.**, the Pioneer Manufacturers of Hypophosphite Preparations (Established 61 years), P. O. Box P-147, Mount Vernon, N. Y., for their free literature on Nervousness.

"I know of no remedy in whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill in Nervous Debility."—Adolph Behre, M.D., Professor of Organic Chemistry, New York.

No C. O. D. or Treatment Scheme. Price $1.00 per box or bottle.
Sent prepaid in the U. S. **(SEND NOW)**

NERVE CONTRO

AND HOW TO GAIN I

This is exactly what

Zone Therapy

A system for the cure of disease by nerve pressu

teaches you. How to banish insomnia, irritability, timidity, etc.; getting rid of nervous indigestion; how to gain nerve control and keep your system well and strong.

Our pamphlet (sent to you free) describes the wo derful results that are obtained by this method treatment.

You will be interested in learning how you, p sonally, can utilize this remarkable system. Addres

ZONE-THERAPY CO., 1319-5th Ave. Drawer 22. **Los Angeles, C**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As stated in this announcement, I am willing to pay any price within reason for good workable photoplay plots suitable to my needs. I have seen enough of the Palmer Plan to know that it will show a writer how to put his stories in a form that will enable me to give them proper consideration. The stories we have purchased from Palmer Plan students are the best evidence of the value of Palmer Plan training. I urge every man or woman of creative ability to enroll in the Palmer Plan, for the market was never so bare of clever new plays as it is today.

AL E. CHRISTIE

President Christie Film Company

$200 to $2000

For story ideas that can be used in Motion Pictures

Stars and Producers Are Searching the Country For New Workable Photoplays

TODAY, "The Play's the Thing," in motion pictures. Producers today are willing to pay you $100 to $500 for a clever short comedy—$500 to $2000 for a five-reel dramatic script—and they will protect your rights as author.

This is why: Five years ago you went to the "movies" for the novelty of it. Today, the novelty is gone. You want to see a real play. The result is a famine in story plots. For the studios around Los Angeles alone need approximately 3000 new stories each year.

Producers must have new material—for with the change in public taste, a good, **new** plot is the basis of any successful production. And as yet not enough people have been trained to write for the screen. Literary ability is not the thing required for photoplay writing. For the story is told not in words, but in the language of pictures. What is needed is an imagination that can weave stories with action.

A Famine in Ideas

With this serious condition facing the motion picture industry—a veritable famine in story ideas—Frederick Palmer, formerly a staff writer for Keystone, Triangle, William Fox and Universal; a man who in nine months wrote fifty-two scenarios for the Universal Company,—was induced to start the Palmer Photoplay Institute to encourage photoplay writing.

Send For This

Our Booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," explains the Palmer Plan in detail. In it you will find the autographed endorsement of the Palmer Plan by practically every big star and producer.

Under the Palmer Plan you are furnished with a handbook and cross references to scenarios that have been **produced**. Under the Palmer Plan you also receive one year's free advisory service—personal, constructive criticism of your manuscripts by Mr. Palmer.

Mrs. Kate Corbaley, former photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, is at the head of our special marketing service. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs. And her sole work is to help our students sell their photoplays.

Since we started a little over a year ago, many of our students have sold their plays, some for as high as $1000. A number of our students have already taken positions at the studios.

Photoplay writing is now a highly paid art. It offers an **unusual** opportunity for any one with story-telling ability. A simple story with one good thought is enough. For movies are made for the masses. Our booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," explains how to learn this new art. A postal card brings it to you. If you are interested at all, we urge you to write us now while this matter is before you. Fill out the coupon.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION
999 I. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also special supplement containing autographed letters from leading producers, stars, directors, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

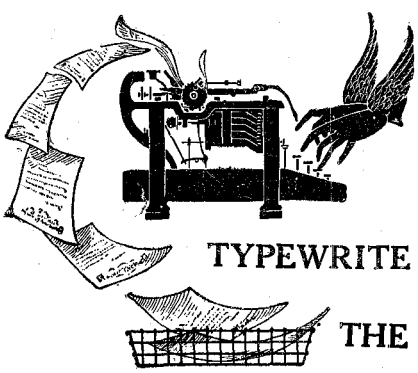
City..... State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Forum Educational Directory

A Department devoted to Schools, Colleges and Self-Help-By-Mail Institutions

STENOGRAPHERS



TYPEWRITE THE

NEW WAY

EARN $25 TO $40 A WEEK

Don't be satisfied with $8.00 to $15.00 weekly. Don't be held back by the old way in typewriting! Learn the wonderful New Way, at home, in 10 simple, easy lessons. Already *thousands* of stenographers and other typewriter users who never exceeded 30 to 40 words a minute are writing 80 to 100 words a minute, *with half the effort and with infinitely* greater accuracy; and their salaries have been *doubled and trebled!*

80 to 100 Words a Minute Guaranteed

Most stenographers get only $8.00 to $15.00 a week simply because they *lack speed and accuracy on the typewriter.* No matter how good you are at shorthand, you can never expect much increase in pay until you get *speed—real speed—and accuracy* on the typewriter. You can typewrite 80 to 100 words per minute the NEW WAY!

Learn at Home—10 Easy Lessons

Think of it! Only 10 easy lessons. Not the slightest interference with your present work. You learn at home quickly and easily, improving in speed with the—*VERY FIRST LESSON!* Special GYMNASTIC Finger Training Exercises bring results in DAYS that ordinary methods will not produce in MONTHS. Among the thousands of operators who have taken up this system are many who were so-called "touch" writers—yet there has not been a single one who hasn't DOUBLED or TREBLED his or her speed and accuracy!

New Book Free!!—No instruction book ever written, no matter what it costs, ever told so plainly the real WHY and HOW of expert typewriting. The book is FREE. Mail postal today.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
7630 College Hill, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Kindergarten—Primary Training Schoo

AFFILIATED WITH NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Faculty of national reputation. Students Residence Big demand for our graduates. Opens Sept. 29. Midyea class Feb. 1. Address Miss Harriette Melissa Mills, Principal New York University, Washington Square, New York City

ELIZABETH GENERAL HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Elizabeth, N. J.

Registered in New York and New Jersey. 3 yea course. Resident instructor—new home—30 minute from New York City. **Address Supt. of Nurses.**

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 779 Beacon Street.

Posse Normal School of Gymnastics

32d year. New building. Courses of one, two and thre years. The war has created great demand for our graduates Courses in Medical Gymnastics and Playgrounds.

Apply to THE SECRETARY.

What Becomes of the Dead?

Where do they go? What do they do? Ca they communicate with us? Mrs. Fanny R. Page answers these LIVE questions in her book, "How I Know That the Dead Are Alive," 252 pp., cloth **For sale by Plenty Publishing Co., Dept. F Washington, D. C. By mail, $1.60.**

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. **Chester Music Co.,** 920 South Michigan Avenue, Suite 346, Chicago.

HOW I HEAL BY FAITH

or by prayer—direct from the Bible. My pamphlet No. 10 was written to teach others the way, after fourteen years in drugless healing work, embracing close study of leading physical and metaphysical systems. Price 30c. Money back, with all postage, any time you want it. Ask for pamphlet No. 10. Dr. J. Lambert Disney, Drugless Physician (Licensed), 1505 W. Tioga St., **PHILADELPHIA, Pa.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mexico and the United States

PRIZE ARTICLES and CARTOONS

ANNOUNCEMENT: The next (October) number of *The Forum* will be largely devoted to the Problem of Mexico. In this number will appear the articles and cartoons inspired by our $750 Prize Offers.

Some vital articles by leading American authorities on the Mexican Question.

Articles by students and observers of Mexican affairs—*who suggest remedies.*

Striking cartoons by notable artists, graphically depicting the Mexican chaos.

Newsdealers, Booksellers and Magazine Agents Should Place Their Orders Early, for This Unusual Number

THE FORUM PUBLISHING CO.

118 East 28th Street :: :: :: :: NEW YORK

SAVE YOUR BODY

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

"I Would Not Part With It For $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm" says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes **WEAKNESS** and **ORGANIC AILMENTS** of **WOMEN** and **MEN.** Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear. **KEEP YOURSELF FIT.** Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co., 65 Rash Bldg., Salina, Kansas

For Boys and Girls Also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Whose soul is "marching on," and whose uncompromising Americanism, exalted patriotism, high national and civic ideals the Roosevelt Memorial Association is seeking to permanently commemorate by the erection of a national memorial monument and park.

—See Editor's Un-Easy Chair.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED